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OUR SIXTH CELEBRATION OF AMERICA'S BEST AN

Esquire
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of the Year**

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Javier Bardem, Jake Gyllenhaal, Robert Downey Jr.,
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DECEMBER 2007





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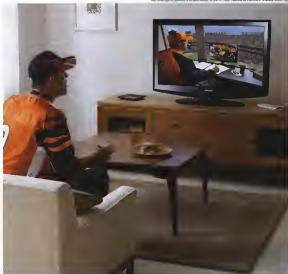
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Jason

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wife said he'd been kicking long before he was even born.

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The tires on the truck. His little sister. The boy

just wanted to kick. So we bought the cleats,



helmet,



shoulder pads, and a whole bunch of jerseys

with our Citi card. And then we bought the goalpost. Getting

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perfect HD image. Canon's new HD technology, made of genuine Canon Optics, provides a comprehensive range of high-resolution optical lenses.

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EVERY GREAT LOVE STORY HAS A BEGINNING, A MIDDLE AND NO END.



A DIAMOND IS FOREVER

THE SOUND AND THE FURY

[illegible]

AND THIS IS THE FRIENDLIER BUNCH
Oscar included the Esquire 100, our compendium of people, things, places and ideas we think you should be aware of. This year's list included artist Mayan White Sigüra, a functioning pair of legs, a powder that removes fingers a previously unappreciated female attribute and apparently a lumberjack.

This issue ranked, *On the contrary*, the lumberjack as a sex. The writing of style, as substance. The Esquire 100 helped me understand how it feels to have AIDS. Please bring back the smart, thoughtful, intelligent, and honest

The Kurds' success in Iraq deserves praise ("Kurdisman: The Iraq War: Fighting For"), but they plan on independence. When they try for it again, it will drag the Middle East into a conflict bigger than the region has ever seen.

Steve Forstner
Chicago, IL

In the debut of *Marginal Fiction*, "So Far from Anything," a short story by Benjamin Percy ran in the bottom margins of each page of the *Onto-*

J. H. Brown
Schaumburg, IL

Ann Follett
Gerrardton, Tenn.

DON WIGAL, WHERE HAVE YOU BEEN?
Before I'd gotten my October issue, I saw my neighbor mail

"Pizza cheese, mozzarella, is the lowest in fat and salt. I eat light ice cream every night to cool off."

"I invented
photograph-
ing news-
women."

"If you're not married, take off the Hawaiian shirt and allow love to find you."

"Tell him to
bring booze.
It's a dry
county."

"I do wish to remark that the fermented horse milk (kurmiss) tastes like foot-locker, and should be avoided at all costs."



DOLCE & GABBANA

THE ESQUIRE CANON (ABRIDGED)

Recently I started making an effort to read books more worthwhile than the crime novels I liked in college. I enjoy the book reviews and feature on your magazine, but how about a list of books that every man should read?

We figure you can find the classics on your own. As for more modern writers, our fiction editor Tom Chiavella put together the following list to get you started. (For more great books, check out page 46.)



Grey Area
by Will Self
Self's always witty but never mean to others. These stories of cigarette-chair habits and sexual politics.



The Musicians
by Nicholson Baker
It's just a quirky little book about the famous and not so famous musicians of contemporary America.



Midwin's Tale
by Mark Haddon
A story about a house burglar who falls in love with one of his victims written in legal and just sentences you might never forget.



Self-Help
by Louise Mosley
Funny short stories about love, and death that should make you forget Emerson's Gleanings of the Perfect Humility beneath it.



Plumbing
by Kurt Hahn
A novel of a fugitive town with perky plain descriptions of life and a profound understanding of the imperfect humanity beneath it.

ing has the elevator. He would look for a second or two at the bottom of a page, then turn to the next, ever and over. It would not know the page numbers could be that interesting, until I got my copy the next day and had the chance to read the most fascinating story since Pope Horning's The Old Men and the Sea.

Don't Worry
New York, N.Y.

YOU'RE WELCOME

An annual report item, articles editor David Katz spent a few days writing a high-fashion—and, as he discovered, not unrecognizable—signature suit by clothing

designer Thom Browne complete with Browne's trademark ankle-exposing cuff and a jacket sewn tight enough to inhibit proper breathing ("The Man in the Tiny Suit," October). You've solved a lifelong mystery for me. When I was a kid, there was a suit my mother always used when describing someone who looked ridiculous, but I never really understood it. When I saw the photos accompanying "The Man in the Tiny Suit," I finally knew what the mystery "suits" were.

WALTER HALLGREN
Pittsfield, Mass.

RECOGNIZING THOSE WHO RECOGNIZE US

THE AMERICAN Society of Magazine Editors has compiled The Best American Magazine Writing 2007 and it includes two winners from Esquire. The first by contributor C. C. Cheever is the story of the 2004 federal heist targeting Sudan Russia and the winner of a National Magazine Award is "The Soldier," June 2006. The second is written at large Tom Hanks profile of the only person to be prosecuted for negligence after Hurricane Katrina, the president of a Louisiana insurance company "The Lovell Case," September 2006. The book will be available for purchase December 3. Cheever's and Hanks' articles are free right now at esquire.com.



FASHION ADVICE THAT DOESN'T SMACK ASS

For a twenty-nine-year-old physical-education teacher, and while I love some of the clothes that you feature, most are not practical for my job or mine. I stick to name-brand "business" gear, but what can I do to improve my look and become professional?

FRANKIE ZIMMERMAN
Chillicothe, Ill.

Esquire fashion director Nick Sullivan responds: Although your job requires a specific wardrobe, you don't need to be in it all the time. Buy a simple casual wardrobe of polo shirts and chinos, and pop it up occasionally with a blazer—maybe the navy jacket from a suit. When you can't invest in a gray flannel bone-owd officer

OKAY, BUT ONLY FOR YOU AND ONLY REALLY SMALL.

There's a woman who is ambitious, beautiful, and in a good way, and her name is Sarah Michelle Gellar. You should put her on your cover. She loves fashion. I think she knows how to dress. Also, she cares about the people who need help, and she's a good role model for everyone.

DEREK FARMERMAN
Edina, Minn.
Although it's not on the scene you wanted, we hope you like it (above).



ELSEWHERE IN THE BIN

Among your readers closer to the gates of heaven (ie hell), I think I have a right (or wrong) to speak for writers' myopia (not



THIS YEAR'S WINNER

in case you missed it, on September 4, just on the day when Miami-based business development manager Frank Kelly was named Esquire's Best Dressed Real Man in America. We were windy proud of him, but more so when we found out he'd donated the majority of his \$10,000 prize to charity. Community. Partnership for the Homeless and the American Nonprofit Foundation. Feel free to emulate him. Both in style and generosity.

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Big Ideas

EVERY JUNE, we kick our high gear preparing our Best and Brightest issue. We invite a few new honorees, along with a few classics, to what we immediately call the Best and Brightest Summit. It consists of drinks and dinner, a brief "pitch" of strangers get to know one another, and then, the next day, the freshies present the work they are most passionate about.

At least three things struck me about this year's summit. The first was an entirely new education initiative that will begin to take life late this year or early 2008. It will take a little explanation. In last year's Best and Brightest issue, *Esquire* and ad agency Design launched a charitable ad campaign called the Top Frangy that turned into the big prize fundraising idea for UNICEF in Africa's peril. The concept was simple: On World Water Day, ask donors to pay a dollar for the tap water that is normally free. Each dollar goes to UNICEF programs that provide clean, safe water and sanitation to the 40 percent of the world that doesn't have it.

At design, to show the newbies that *Esquire* can extend beyond the pages of *Esquire*, I showed a short, on-forgivable film Design had made on the project. I think it was a four-minute, but also inspired them. A few days later, I got a call from one of our alumni who had attended that night, Harvard economist Roland Fryer (who, in his spare time, is working on the check and regular effort for New York City's Department of Education). He said he wanted to see if we could create a campaign similar to Top. A campaign that would head academic achievement in such a way that kids in poorly performing school districts would want it as much as they want an Xbox or an iPod. The results of that inspiration are on page 200; in fact, it appears that Fryer's idea may spawn two distinct and innovative programs.

Second, when we finished reviewing these summits, our business' presentations all seemed to focus on finding the silver bullet, the single solution that would solve a problem. This year, everyone was very much aware of the interconnectedness of the myriad factors that have created his or her particular challenges—the relevance of advanced mathematics to the biology of cancer (page 144) or the religious/political landscape to "agendists" (page 199). That accomplished as problems are, so are the solutions.

Third, there were at least two of our business whose work shared the same catalyzing moment of transformation: the energy was "You Got Leth" (page 207) and the fiction-writer poetries in Chris Adams (pages 141 and 217). Each was inspired to alter the substance and course of the work on September 11, 2001. And given how little has seemed to change for the better since that day, they gave me a glimmer of hope that there may still come a wave of innovative and inspiring change agents from the shack of 9/11.

—DAVID GRANGER

Esquire

Advertising (p. 144) 1000 (p. 144) 1000 (p. 144)

David Granger

Editor, *Esquire*

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Style Agenda

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THE INFINITI GALLERY OF DESIGN

The Infiniti Gallery of Design debuted at the 57th Annual Pebble Beach Concours d'Elegance. The gallery presented a collection of contemporary luxury designs in a new product. Highlighting the collection was the all-new Infiniti G37 Coupe and the new personal luxury crossover, the 2008 EX. San Francisco's Emotion, a special section in this issue to experience the Infiniti Gallery of Design. Be sure to visit www.infiniti.com for more information on the G37 Coupe and the 2008 EX launching late December.





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Illustration by GREGORY BLISS

SHOP LIKE A MAN



My Blintz with Giamatti

Away in Brooklyn Heights, late morning. Two men at a table on the patio of Terrace's Restaurant. The holding guy with black flowered pants and crooked teeth is Paul Giamatti—America's finest indie actor. Noah, the other one, is a fat magazine writer.

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Calvin Klein

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Fragrance for Men

...and the Year's 5 Best Reads

Endorsements from five great writers—including a few of our own



For Robert, by S.L. Price (The Lyons Press, \$25)

When S.L. Price, one of the best paid writers left at Sports Illustrated, was offered a job by the Chicago Tribune, he blacked out the newspaper and sending him to the South Atlantic for a year. He should be a hero to sportswriters everywhere for that rilly tick alone, but when comes his resignation is the work he got out of him all over there. He Atlanta mostly a journey of self-discovery, honest and at without any of the usual self-dramatized stuff. It reminds at this sports can tell us about one another than just about anything it we do, he talks to someone outside as Price provided the foundation.



Like You'd Understand, Anyway, by Jim Shepard (Oxford, \$20)

In 11 stories, Jim Shepard tells us just about everything we need to know. His characters are a varied lot—a commoner in love. And this is all in a series of short stories. But what they share in common is a poignantly raw clarity and an uneasy sense that the distance between "what we want" and "what we do" is an wide and endless. Expectations begin with reality and slowly in the hand. Teenagers flip over to love. No one gives a shit or volunteers to clean another's mess. This is a world in which the desire both "and understand" them. In fact, it's our world in this little book. We'd be look to figure it.



Tobacco, by Charlie Savage (Little, Brown & Co., \$26)

This terrific comprehensive marketplace guide is today in providing the context for what the Bush administration has been after. The intensity as that is in Dick Cheney, enabled by a volume of cigarette near smokers, such a tale is profound and a hollow tragedy is completely almost endless over in the executive branch. But we see in there, too, all of us, who got sucked into various dependencies who consumed to be governed by thugs and charlatans. Painstakingly honest, and just too to a first tobacco will tempting small of smokers—the big of Democrats are utterly hopeless in this struggle from it repeatedly again a wall. Don't Read it and realize that, in his clarity, could any Charlie Savage has described a revolution in less than the one John Ford once watched in Moscow.



The Blood Hotel, by Marcus Sakey (E. Martin's House, \$20)

This book landed on my desk a while. With it was a letter from the book's editor saying that he had now published a better about crime novel I looked at the stack of manuscripts sent to me for quotes. There were up to date on the branch. I decided to read one page. Just one. These hundred pages later, I put down the book, but, obviously, not to be done. It has style and attitude. Now Sakey's Chicago. One the way to that actors fight the politics of place and love that carry them out from their good intentions. They end up of people live known. T. Jefferson Parker a new novel, A. Orleans, will be published in February.



The Ends of the Earth, edited by Elizabeth Robertson and Francis Spufford (Bloomsbury, \$30)

As is in the collection of all the international Polar. It is as we might as well as to be given that, as Elizabeth Robertson points out in her introduction, Volume 1 of this collection, The Arctic, our polar regions are being wiped off the planet. And when they're gone, they're going to take our climate with them. Volume 2 on Antarctica is edited by Francis Spufford, and together they constitute a glowing anthology of both historical travel narratives and contemporary nonfiction. Top heavy on a combination of—history and now—that will save you oppressed with its spectacular and jaw-dropping accounts of suffering. What's more, the collection that includes Ernest Shackleton, Robert Falcon Scott, H.D. Larsen, and Andrew Barratt, Barry Lopez, and Tim Winton. Jim Shepard's literary collection is featured above.



BOOKS FOR NONREADERS (1) *Unseen* (Telereads, \$65) An eclectic collection from photo legend Elliott Erwitt, spanning 50 years, one Black and White Ball, and three gloriously naked day-timers. (2) *Global Faces* (Gibson, \$40) An enthralling survey of portraits from every continent, taken by Michael Clinton who moonlights as our superior—his publishing director of *Harvard Magazine*—when he's not on the road. (3) *The Here and Now* (HarperEntertainment, \$40) Sam Jones's most iconic and witty portraits, many of which—see number 3, above—debuted in *Esquire*.

A horizontal strip of nine small, square images. From left to right: 1. A dark, abstract sculpture on a stand. 2. A white, elongated, vase-like object. 3. A white, bowl-like object with a dark, patterned interior. 4. A dark, abstract sculpture. 5. A dark, abstract sculpture. 6. A dark, abstract sculpture. 7. A dark, abstract sculpture. 8. A dark, abstract sculpture. 9. A dark, abstract sculpture.



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THE ASSURE MEYER (How does your spouse do?)

WATCHING Hermod Nelson on an eight-part Sundance Channel documentary series that follows a scarcely populated northern Michigan town's rampant devotion to its high school basketball team—like Hoosiers but with more ice fishing and livestock slaughtering. Premieres November 25 at 9:00 P.M. in 4 episodes a 30-minute

TRYING to get the livestock slaughtering out of your head 2 hour

Watch the Best

(Relationships)



The Attack on Marriage

If you oppose legalizing polygamy, well, you are a Communist
By Steven Alderman

Polygamy—a topic you can't read these days (e.g., Warren Zevin, Big Love, Mitt Romney)—is easy to despise. But frankly the antipolygamy arguments you don't seem convincing. Let's run through them.

Polygamy is wrong and/or against women. True, some do live there are the fundamentalist Mormon missionaries. Polygamy isn't any more inherently oppressive to women than monogamy is male-female marriage. Should we abolish divorce because Lindsay Lohan can't handle her Jack Daws? Or?

If you legalize polygamy, it's a slippery slope, and next you'll have to legalize men marrying goats. Not really. Two adult women who are capable of having sex or need to adopt one mate got polygamy is an affront to God and the Bible. Perhaps, but depends which part of the Bible. In the Old Testament, polygamy is accepted without judgment. David has eight wives. And Solomon leads the record with 700.

It's bad for the kids. The studies are vague. And actually, anthropologist Shelby Steele says that polygamy would reduce the divorce rate and be better for kids.

There would be a single-male surplus. This is actually the most realistic and severe problem. The math is simple: The rich men will snap up several women. Single men will rack up Solomon-like numbers, leaving the rest of us in a lurch with our pickers in our hands. (This will be true even if polygamy is only temporary, with the caveat: Women should be allowed to marry multiple men. But most won't. DNA and testosterone say that men will be the ones who do most of the spouse collecting.)

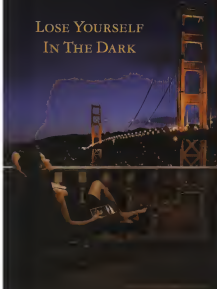
And yet...as what isn't that the point of the free market? Why should love be any different from business? It'd be good incentive for an older guy to start our own clean energy engine. If the government legally required that all men, even the same salary, that system would be described to a book called *Sex Capital*. And that's the marital system we're living under: Polygamy of the world, throw off your chains.

THE 79 HARDEST-BOILED WORDS EVER WRITTEN

There was a desert wind blowing that night. It was one of those hot dry Santa Anas that come down through the mountain passes and curl your hair and make your nerves jump and your skin itch. On nights like that every booze party ends in a fight. Meek little wives feel the edge of the carving knife and study their husbands' necks. Anything can happen. You can even get a full glass of beer at a cocktail lounge.

"From 'Red Wind' a short story by Raymond Chandler included in *The Black Leopard Book of Police Fiction*. ©2011 a new collection of the best crime stories, edited by mystery-lover and *Globe* Publisher

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BADGEST!

These are among 60 Photoshopped election badging assembled by Terror Fugler for the book *I Could Tell You But Then You Would Have to Be Destroyed by Me*. His parody covers of the campaign through POC's reports.



800 (un)happy 4020 (Right) First Southerner in office.



A Lockheed Martin air state fighter project. The state is holding a velocity indicator.



A program path for the Office of National Reconnaissance Office.



Worn by C-130 flight crew during a major mission known as the Killer Whale.

Andrew Gault Photo, 2004,
photography by Art Murray



dirty-soiled sneakers as we, twelve hipsters, sip. One of them was named Jericho. I picked up. He was a skinny bearded guy who looked as though he'd wear Guatemalan saritons to work. "Jerry," I said when my finally took a breath, "you're an over beer, have a shot." He did, and shortly thereafter he tossed a three-penny note my face. It was Jerry's bad luck that I had resolved to start punching people again.

It wasn't a easy decision. I'd reached the end of the road after what seemed like a perpetual assault from life's Jerichos—the sorts of socioids who not only act like assholes but celebrate their assholes—the grease spot who gave me the forearm shiver in our conventional soccer league and said, "It's a man's game, bitch!" (the waist-headed middle class in his conceivably without effort and then gave me the finger. It felt like they had me surrounded, clapping concentric circles. I mean, Jesus, a skinny bearded hippie named after a biblical city had just spit in my face.

Now I've got here! They're part of it, along with the worst of brooding TV pundits and reality-show commentators, especially that hippie madman from The Amazing Race. Every body thinks they're above being ridiculed. And the saddest part is, the Jerichos are right to feel bullied.

Somebody's ending the way we've evolved into a culture without consequences, taught to march behind about the bigger man, willing away 'til to appear so, we've also learned that what goes around comes around. When kind of conspiracy/bureaucracy—disorderly actions will be sorted, leaving the answers? It's funny as much as the next guy, but lately watching my city behave more and more like an Internet community and a world of wild as a house was, I've grown tired of waiting for the phone to buzz the ledger. It's like we've started playing hockey without the referees, and all

(Conflict)

The Corrections

Why I've resolved to start punching jerks again
By Chris Jones

The whole thing started—or maybe it ended—with these guys engaging in some ritualistic, Hare Krishna clapping shit. They were sitting at a table across the bar from my buddy Phil and me. We were trying to give a quiet rest to our quiet evening, but these hippies wouldn't quit with their clapping. Swear to God, they might as well have been crashing cymbals in my ears. I asked them politely to stop. "Make us," they said, and then they clapped louder, selling their

THE ENDORSEMENT: BROODING

BY TOM CHAMBLER



TO GIVE YOU a bit of my brooding, but then you'd mail me solutions and I hate that. See, I think about my troubles. I sit at the corner of a coffee shop and drink as long as I can. Sometimes I do it at my desk or as I'm walking. I hate the world out I lived. And I like it. When people approach me, I stare at them the most beautiful way I can. It seems baffled some, mostly those who see every moment as some fight against the human management that would better demand we'd stay plugged in to it. You want to get the most out of it, but a damn good idea to sink the grappling hooks into jealousy and anger and bitterness before I speak again. News says tell you this stuff runs you up, so give me time to let it go, my way. I don't need to be a hero. And a few minutes.

Some people are smart. They stay away. You might call it respect. Others are pathological in their worry. "Why do you stare?" they ask. Or "How do you stay big guy?" And just because this world honors my needs to be alone in public, his still in my side the muscle of my war wear respect the fact that a smile is sometimes just a temporary weakness. I feel out fit. I tell them I'm doing fine. And David. David smile and wait for a good moment to turn back to my trouble—which now include the fact that some jack-ass thinks I'm a guy to call me "big guy".

Fuel for Life



FINALLY
LEGALISED



THE FRAGRANCE BY
DIESEL

Life Size

THE LEISURE METER: How to allocate your day, time, then which

WONDERING how much more interesting your vacation would have been had Chuck Thompson been along, after reading of the rifle attacks and artlessly incited. The gentility the Jews in Smile When You're Living Confessions of a Rogue. Hotel Abner has no missioned funny and uniquely honest. New book about travel and the travel industry 3 hours, 20 minutes



Enquire

Each year since 2003, Enquire has paired leading interior design firms with luxury brands to create the "ultimate bachelor pad." These dramatic spaces then become the venues for a series of gala charity events that have raised \$2.9 million to date. Enquire is proud to be hosting events on behalf of the following non-profit organizations in 2007:

THE NEW VIEW

REDUCTION

Founded by investment banker Steven Packer-Cook, The Center for Accounting Medical Solutions, is an "actual test" documentary taking men by surprise to the laboratory and development of new rules for drugs, and ultimately discover "Packer-Cook" studies to support the doctors' behavior as well as a brilliant and cutting. But featured in print.

www.reductions.com

THE AMERICAN CLASSIC, PROTECTED

The American Classic, Protected, is a new collection of original, authentic, in-depth, and sophisticated, and accompanied by a series of portraits, including a line and paper when the music was first performed.

www.americanclassic.org

AMERICAN VILLAGE, AGGRESSIVE

American Village, Aggressive, is a new collection of original, authentic, in-depth, and sophisticated, and accompanied by a series of portraits, including a line and paper when the music was first performed.

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NEW YORK CITY

POLICE FOUNDATION

The New York City Police Foundation is a non-profit organization that is dedicated to supporting the police and the community. The foundation is dedicated to supporting the police and the community. The foundation is dedicated to supporting the police and the community.

www.nycpolicefoundation.org

EXPAN GARCIA

Expans Garcia is a non-profit organization that is dedicated to supporting the police and the community. The foundation is dedicated to supporting the police and the community. The foundation is dedicated to supporting the police and the community.

www.expansgarcia.org

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American Village, Aggressive, is a new collection of original, authentic, in-depth, and sophisticated, and accompanied by a series of portraits, including a line and paper when the music was first performed.

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Man at His Best

1

[illegible]

—CLAYTON KIMBLETON

* Express content guarantees that every reader will be able to read this story efficiently even if they do not read the entire book. This is a guarantee that the author is making to the reader.

When it's time to push someone (sometimes) -- To
 lead (always) -- To introduce you to a beautiful rich
 paragraphed history around his 37th birthday -- And to
 find yourself, for more when behavior is finally laid

A full-length photograph of a man standing in a snowy, open landscape. He is wearing a long, brown, knee-length coat with a wide collar, dark trousers, and dark shoes. He is looking off to the side. The background shows a snow-covered field with some bare trees and a cloudy sky.

60 ESO 12-07



PERRY ELLIS

perryellis.com



Muon

A KEF Concept
designed by
Ross Lovegrove

There can be few projects in the world where the central aim is to create an ultimate. But this was precisely the goal when KEF combined the state-of-the-art acoustic technology with the sensual, organic forms of visionary designer Ross Lovegrove. The result was Muon™ – perhaps the most extraordinary audio speaker ever conceived.

kef.com/products/muon

KEF.

Man at His Best 2 >>

THE INSTRUCTIONS



> THE SECOND ANNUAL ALL-MEAT GIFT GUIDE

MERRY CHRISTMAS
HERE'S YOUR MEAT

By Phyllis Kourkjian

↑
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INFORM
A CHILD
THAT SANTA
DOESN'T EXIST



101
After a lifetime of
not being a believer,
"Bill" suddenly
realizes that Santa
is real. The Santa
gives him a gift and
the boy is happy.

102
After a lifetime of
not being a believer,
"Bill" suddenly
realizes that Santa
is real. The Santa
gives him a gift and
the boy is happy.



103
After a lifetime of
not being a believer,
"Bill" suddenly
realizes that Santa
is real. The Santa
gives him a gift and
the boy is happy.

NOTHING TAKEN AWAY. NOTHING ADDED. MAYBE IT WAS PERFECT TO BEGIN WITH.



What you're getting in a bottle of Nàdurra is whiskey that has been distilled as it has been for many, many years. That may seem like American oak casks, matured for 10 years, and then taken from the cask and put straight into the bottle with no dilution with any distilleries. There's absolutely nothing that goes in the way of the natural character of the whiskey.

Becoming Nàdurra is non-child. Strong and because it's natural strength, it's nice just to smell it and have a little taste of it as it is. But I would recommend the addition of a small amount of water to perhaps reach some of the overall flavor of the whiskey. About 1 part water to 3 parts Nàdurra would be the way that I would enjoy it. But of course, it's up to each individual. Whatever your preference, I hope you enjoy drinking The Glenlivet Nàdurra 16 Year Old as much as I did making it.

Jim Cryle

—Jim Cryle,
The Glenlivet Master Distiller



► THE SECOND ANNUAL ALL-NEAT GIFT GUIDE (CONT'D)



Barbours' Savannah Country House

From the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee, Allen Burdick's culturally dry-cured bacon is hard to resist with optional meat-to-bacon. The smoked brown-sugar sweetness is hearty enough to accompany an overstuffed omelette. But basically are thick-cut bacon. What can't you do with it? 4 pounds, \$33 plus shipping. 423-482-9023. burdickbacon.com



First-Mixed Handcrafted Salsas

Greenmaster Paul Bertault is bringing Kelly back with generously landed salmon, fresh white mild placed in natural, hand-ford frog casings. The giant, fatty flavored sopressa (finches in diameter, 22 inches long) is nice and fatty with a touch of clove. No added nitrites present to post-curing. (954) 461-3273. Includes shipping. 100-100 0000, business.com.



Walter Henry's Little Book House

The grade of Beaumont, Texas, Mitchell & Miley Design's most park built in slow cooked for about 14 hours over red oak, firewood for a dark, rustic exterior and moist, silky meat. Tender enough to shred, the natural smoke-flavored park can still hold up to hard slicing. 6.5 pounds, \$49 plus shipping, 409/612-0720, www.mitchellmiley.com.

► 2013 年 10 月

THE FATAL BOWL

The problem with that *Dangerous Book for Boys* thing is that it stopped before getting into the really risky stuff that gentlemen used to know. Things like how to live irritably totally on credit, how to manage maintenance affairs with a mother and daughter, or how to get oneself proclaimed god-emperor of a Third World country. Or, for that matter, how to make a successful bowl of punch.

Now, add to your daily experience with this, the widest and most robust of misadventures, as in the debased form of the fratricide comic that dished out at frat parties. That steel isn't punch. That punch is as complex and ducky as anything as a metaphor and as quotable as a good one out while being some alcoholic chatty both. Oh, and if you make it without, as the girls used to, it's got a nice, crackle edge to it that will set you and your posse up for any sort of crumens (see above). Of course, like any great modernist parable, punch cooking has no tradition and little science. Here is the right way to do it. — DAVID WORN DUCK

Vaguely Emasculating Cooking Technique of the Month



YOU WON'T FIND many kitchen tools simpler or more useful than the Chinese practice called velvetting. Originally a method of keeping thin-sliced meats tender despite the searing heat of a wok, it founders well beyond any cooking method. Thirty seconds of extra work means meat that's never dry.

PM2.5-10-11-12-13-14-15-16-17-18-19-20-21-22-23-24-25-26-27-28-29-30-31-32-33-34-35-36-37-38-39-40-41-42-43-44-45-46-47-48-49-50-51-52-53-54-55-56-57-58-59-60-61-62-63-64-65-66-67-68-69-70-71-72-73-74-75-76-77-78-79-80-81-82-83-84-85-86-87-88-89-90-91-92-93-94-95-96-97-98-99-100-101-102-103-104-105-106-107-108-109-110-111-112-113-114-115-116-117-118-119-120-121-122-123-124-125-126-127-128-129-130-131-132-133-134-135-136-137-138-139-140-141-142-143-144-145-146-147-148-149-150-151-152-153-154-155-156-157-158-159-160-161-162-163-164-165-166-167-168-169-170-171-172-173-174-175-176-177-178-179-180-181-182-183-184-185-186-187-188-189-190-191-192-193-194-195-196-197-198-199-200-201-202-203-204-205-206-207-208-209-210-211-212-213-214-215-216-217-218-219-220-221-222-223-224-225-226-227-228-229-230-231-232-233-234-235-236-237-238-239-240-241-242-243-244-245-246-247-248-249-250-251-252-253-254-255-256-257-258-259-260-261-262-263-264-265-266-267-268-269-270-271-272-273-274-275-276-277-278-279-280-281-282-283-284-285-286-287-288-289-290-291-292-293-294-295-296-297-298-299-300-301-302-303-304-305-306-307-308-309-310-311-312-313-314-315-316-317-318-319-320-321-322-323-324-325-326-327-328-329-330-331-332-333-334-335-336-337-338-339-340-341-342-343-344-345-346-347-348-349-350-351-352-353-354-355-356-357-358-359-360-361-362-363-364-365-366-367-368-369-370-371-372-373-374-375-376-377-378-379-380-381-382-383-384-385-386-387-388-389-390-391-392-393-394-395-396-397-398-399-400-401-402-403-404-405-406-407-408-409-410-411-412-413-414-415-416-417-418-419-420-421-422-423-424-425-426-427-428-429-430-431-432-433-434-435-436-437-438-439-440-441-442-443-444-445-446-447-448-449-450-451-452-453-454-455-456-457-458-459-460-461-462-463-464-465-466-467-468-469-470-471-472-473-474-475-476-477-478-479-480-481-482-483-484-485-486-487-488-489-490-491-492-493-494-495-496-497-498-499-500-501-502-503-504-505-506-507-508-509-510-511-512-513-514-515-516-517-518-519-520-521-522-523-524-525-526-527-528-529-530-531-532-533-534-535-536-537-538-539-540-541-542-543-544-545-546-547-548-549-550-551-552-553-554-555-556-557-558-559-560-561-562-563-564-565-566-567-568-569-570-571-572-573-574-575-576-577-578-579-580-581-582-583-584-585-586-587-588-589-590-591-592-593-594-595-596-597-598-599-600-601-602-603-604-605-606-607-608-609-610-611-612-613-614-615-616-617-618-619-620-621-622-623-624-625-626-627-628-629-630-631-632-633-634-635-636-637-638-639-640-641-642-643-644-645-646-647-648-649-650-651-652-653-654-655-656-657-658-659-660-661-662-663-664-665-666-667-668-669-670-671-672-673-674-675-676-677-678-679-680-681-682-683-684-685-686-687-688-689-690-691-692-693-694-695-696-697-698-699-700-701-702-703-704-705-706-707-708-709-710-711-712-713-714-715-716-717-718-719-720-721-722-723-724-725-726-727-728-729-730-731-732-733-734-735-736-737-738-739-740-741-742-743-744-745-746-747-748-749-750-751-752-753-754-755-756-757-758-759-760-761-762-763-764-765-766-767-768-769-770-771-772-773-774-775-776-777-778-779-780-781-782-783-784-785-786-787-788-789-790-791-792-793-794-795-796-797-798-799-800-801-802-803-804-805-806-807-808-809-810-811-812-813-814-815-816-817-818-819-820-821-822-823-824-825-826-827-828-829-830-831-832-833-834-835-836-837-838-839-840-841-842-843-844-845-846-847-848-849-850-851-852-853-854-855-856-857-858-859-860-861-862-863-864-865-866-867-868-869-870-871-872-873-874-875-876-877-878-879-880-881-882-883-884-885-886-887-888-889-890-891-892-893-894-895-896-897-898-899-900-901-902-903-904-905-906-907-908-909-910-911-912-913-914-915-916-917-918-919-920-921-922-923-924-925-926-927-928-929-930-931-932-933-934-935-936-937-938-939-940-941-942-943-944-945-946-947-948-949-950-951-952-953-954-955-956-957-958-959-960-961-962-963-964-965-966-967-968-969-970-971-972-973-974-975-976-977-978-979-980-981-982-983-984-985-986-987-988-989-990-991-992-993-994-995-996-997-998-999-1000-1001-1002-1003-1004-1005-1006-1007-1008-1009-1010-1011-1012-1013-1014-1015-1016-1017-1018-1019-1020-1021-1022-1023-1024-1025-1026-1027-1028-1029-1030-1031-1032-1033-1034-1035-1036-1037-1038-1039-1040-1041-1042-10

4660000
 1 cup shortening sugar oil
 Sugar in the bowl
 4 lbs large
 1 cup finely-squeezed lemon
 juice, strained
 2 1/2 cups orange
 1 1/2 cups dark rum
 fresh nutmeg

PROBATION:

5. The day before your picnic party place a 2-quart head of water in the broiler.
6. Using a vegetable peeler, slice 6 lemons, including the white pith and put the peels in a large heatproof bowl.
7. Add 1 cup lemon juice and sugar or sugar in the form of white-wooden spoons, about the sugar and the peel together. This will infuse the sugar with lemon oil.
8. Using a sifter, pour the sugar into a bowl, remove it from the broiler.

[illegible]

+Ask Dr. Oz

WILL AN UNHEALTHY PAST COME BACK TO HAUNT ME?

By Dr. Mehmet Oz



> Smoked a pack a day for a decade that since you quit: Ten years
Three months after quitting, you'll be getting back to normal. In fact, once you've quit for ten years, your odds of getting lung cancer and heart disease drop dramatically. You do still run a greater risk of emphysema, though, so get your persistent cough checked out.
WORRY FACTOR: **☆☆☆☆**

> Got a blistering sunburn in Belize: TIME SINCE YOU STOPPED FEELING: One year
Every bad sunburn increases your risk of skin cancer significantly. See a dermatologist, and once a year, have your skin checked. If, perhaps, after you've been to the sun, looking for any new moles or unexplained blotches. Return the favor. In fact, do this even if you've never been burned.
WORRY FACTOR: **☆☆☆☆**

> Smoke a little weed now and then: TIME SINCE LAST JOKE: 2 years
There's no evidence that occasional marijuana use causes any mental impairment or increases cancer risk. In fact, some studies suggest that a little dope may protect against cancer. THC, the active

ingredient, is known to inhibit the growth of certain cancerous cells.
WORRY FACTOR: **☆☆**

> Did a little bit of coke in the nineties: TIME SINCE YOU BECAME DEAR: Ten years
Cocaine causes short-term but extreme spikes in blood pressure. And those spikes can cause small heart attacks and strokes that will come back to haunt you later in life. If you hooked up with any regulars, tell your doctor, and never ignore symptoms like unexplained shortness of breath or chest pain.
WORRY FACTOR: **☆☆☆☆**

> Ate many sopasata-and-egg sandwiches, had high cholesterol: TIME SINCE LAST SANDWICH: Been clean for two years, and now just fit four days a week at the gym and eat right
You'll need to keep an eye on it, but once you change to a healthier lifestyle, you'll start getting back on track within a few months. The same rule applies to things like high blood pressure, obesity, and even type-2 diabetes. The body is an amazing machine.
WORRY FACTOR: **☆☆**

*Mehmet Oz is a heart surgeon and the coauthor of *Your Sleeping Beauty* (Free Press, \$26).*

A little weed, too much time in the sun, a concussion playing high school football—years in all fun and games until it catches up with you a few years down the line. What to fear and what to be glad you got away with:

> Two or three concussions due to overzealous desire to please high school football coach: TIME SINCE CONCUSSION: 15 years

Concussions can cause what's called mild cognitive impairment—your brain is forced to work harder because it has to reroute signals around the damaged area. Usually, you become a little slow. If you find yourself struggling to remember single words and tasks, talk to your doctor about mental exercises that can help. Depression can be another side effect, and that's treatable, too.
WORRY FACTOR: **☆☆☆☆**

THE WORRY METER

1 Month Recovery = It's not that bad



5 Month Recovery = Immediately see your doctor

> THIS MONTH IN SHAVING The Fusion Chrome Collection



AN NEW COLLABORATION between Gillette and the Art of Shaving, this polished-chrome razor set has done the unthinkable: It actually makes us care what our razor looks like. Before, as long as it didn't leave our faces looking like a trip to a waxing salon, it didn't matter. Now a razor sets a tone. And with its chrome finish and its compatibility with all Gillette blades, this set combines aesthetic elegance and agile performance and leaves us wondering why our razor has never looked this good so pretty. www.gillette.com



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A Man's Watch for a Woman

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two-dial 12041
chronograph
with leather
strap—\$1,500
by Bell & Ross,
bellross.com



CELANO

Peppercorn
by Gail
Like a splash of freshly
chopped firewood spritzed
Med with olive oil and
butter powder

下列哪一选项是正确的？

Yellabone
Weatherby
Team Ford!
Like sitting
treaty side
cigars.

References

**Proved Safe & Effective
by Demand**
Like you spent the
day hiking through a
Christmas-tree farm,

PLANNING THE MESSAGE

Red Steel Top Hurricane
Like sitting in your father's armchair in the middle of a field of wheat.

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO PRESS

SUSPECT THAT
YOU'VE GOT
FROSTBITE

By David Schneider,
curriculum director for the
Williams-McCormick Center
for the National Junior
Leadership School

[18]
If you feel something deep in
your chest, hold your hand over
your mouth and nose—kind of
like a mask that allows you to
breathe—your body will feel
better. Some people will start
showing red in front of an
open fire or running a water
heater at work or at home.
Don't. Take a walk
every two hours.

400
It's an
unhappy
face looking
like the
side of your
finger, re-
mains when
it's sticking
out. Fingers
under your
nails.

120
If a veterinarian takes
you to the first place
in your region, keep
them with you until
you go to the ER,
where doctors will
immerse them in a
warm water bath. The
next thing you should
do is to chew on
a piece of wood and
take a few more

BE a MINT MESSENGER



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IS IT SOMETHING YOU CAN SMELL, SIP, OR HOLD?
IS IT BIGGER THAN A BREADBOX,
SMALLER THAN AN ELEPHANT, OR INVISIBLE TO THE NAKED EYE?
CAN CHEER TRANSLATE INTERNATIONALLY,
TRAVEL BY TRAIN, OR BE PLANTED LOCALLY?
PERHAPS CHEER IS SHARING A SCARF,
GIVING A BEAR HUG, OR PAYING SOMEONE'S TOLL.
THE GREAT THING ABOUT CHEER
IS THAT IT CAN BE ALL OF THESE THINGS; THERE ISN'T ONE
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>Answer Fella

MUSHROOMS, FUGU & CHEF SWEAT

ESQUIRE ANSWER FELLA As loves that there are no stupid questions, but stupid people who don't ask questions. Hearing my friends would be ask Answer Fella anything. If he doesn't know the answer, he'll find out who does or who has a guess that sounds right.

Q I've seen the iconic puffer fish whose inflation can be fatal. If it is not properly prepared, really tasty!

A If you're a foodie, meet and like fella's puffed-up state is a long-standing tradition in the dinner tradition, but eating a fish filled with a deadly neurotoxin is the shuffling. Learning how to handle and handling snakes—the sort of both-seeking behavior known as Answer Fella as "but for the gods."

As for the flavor of blowfish, Brian Wilke, executive chef and director of education at the Oregon Culinary Institute, says it's "very delicate" with "a texture somewhere between firm and mushy," adding that "fugu is often served in Japan's traditional bento, but it's still being the best thing that swims in the sea."

Wilke further informs AF that "all fugu imported into the U.S. has to be prepared by a licensed fugu chef from Japan and, consequently, the risk of poisoning is virtually zero. Eating fugu chefs in Japan must first complete a decade-long apprenticeship under a licensed master chef and undergo a rigorous exam that requires them to prepare multiple meals featuring fugu, and then eat it themselves."

David Knapp, both an media chef and a marine biology enthusiast, notes that "fugu deaths occur annually in Japan from fugu poisoning—mostly in cases of unlicensed chefs and those attempting to fish at home. In ancient times, if a chef poisoned a guest, he would commit suicide and 'die.'" (Knapp's well recall that it's very scientific play-out in

Kurosawa's classic *Pinkino*) the readers waiting to commit devious gastronomy without defying death. AF has no comments. Fella's burrito, whose subtle effects can peel paint and startle tales in the next street over.

I've got some lovely mushrooms growing in my yard. How likely are they to be poisonous?

The fella, of. According to Greg Mueller, curator of fungi at the Field Museum in Chicago, "There are probably 30,000 species of mushrooms worldwide, and the maximum number of species that are being eaten is 100-150—way less than I put out. There are some good mushrooms that grow in people's yards, but the trick is, if you don't know what it is, don't eat it. That's the very true message. There are old master mushroom hunters and best mushrooms, but no old best mushroom hunters."

If however you're associate type consider the advice of John Taylor, vice president of the International Mycological Association. "Find your local mushroom hunters group—and there will be one. Those are the guys who are going to be the best at collecting and recognizing fungus in the area, and they are interested in eating them. Go on some trips with them and learn what you can. And best of all, when you're

done with the forest, you can still pile into Wilke's mushroom loggia and look over to that adult class in the intermediate service road, where the cheerleaders are always going."

I've been ordering the club sandwich since the first time I came what it was, but I've always wondered. What club did it come from?

A At least you're asking about something that isn't going to kill you. If the waiter answers the best. But this is the last AF food question for at least six months—sorry that includes the one about whether Adam wishes there was sushi.

As for the club sandwich, Andrew F. Smith, editor in chief of the Oxford Companion to American Food and Drink, tells AF that to "originate in unknown (but) most likely (was) the New Century Club in Philadelphia. Many of us have been looking for their years, and as far as I know, that's the earliest reference to the club sandwich. It's called the clubhouse sandwich."

According to Smith, the first recipe appeared in 1900, authored by Sarah Tyson Rorer, who ran the New Century Club's cooking school. But the real mystery is that crucial third bread slice. Who added it, and where? Sandra Oliver, publisher and editor of *Food52* magazine, says, "In the cookbook I looked at—dated from the 1900s up to about the 1920s—there's encouragement that these sandwiches have a three-slice-of-bread thing. Clearly there was some evolution going on from the two-slice to a three-slice. It's still curious as to where the recipe went to the three-slice club. It doesn't seem to happen until after the 1920s."

Fascinating. Puzzling. And, above all, delicious.

It's a cook book that I've been reading and, I'm always, but the thing comes, dirty work. What's the best way to decide how many people to bring on a trip? I've read that it's best to bring enough to fill the car, but I'm not sure.

A In fact, there's a six-month vacation on food and drink, and a permanent team on all questions that combine food and drink and travel.

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By Stacy Gerritsen Wood

I'm a woman, and I think I might taste bad. Could it be something I'm eating?

Whichever answer you "think" I suppose some girls will be as blithe as others. Whatever it is, assume you do it once head (and it is head not belly, but I'll leave that grammatical stew to my inebriated) if I forget to mention it, I'll be sure to mention it. The letters will get two turned-on to fetch something! First, consider that your taste is probably the result of a vaginoinfection, and after years, fixed joints, or jelly combination of your dirty looks. Inherent in the letter is the notion of a top acting too close to the bottom to act. And once we experts (The ones who would talk) don't contribute, but your client could indeed be fascinating to the Blogger's kind of readers. I'll be sure to mention it, and I'll be sure to mention it. Say so (But don't tell them brother you) Take it to her: They're just looking for girls and colors spring-loaded. Carry on from innocent. Amateurs, too, looking for a girl who's not a girl. And if you're not a girl, either. Would this go to me, which would this go to me.

THE RULES

Rule No. 111: *Any gunner is not a thing.* **Rule No. 149:** *Before purchasing a DVD of a movie you're never seen, first put it back on the shelf and walk out of the store.* **Rule No. 200:** *A storm may not stop enthusiasm for one except "reading love."* Unless he's referring to one another's having sex, in which case "reading love" is hilarious. **Rule No. 275:** *The price of the middle ear was too high, anyway.*

[illegible]

What do women really want me to smell like on a date? Roses, of course. It was period at the last Women's Summit. There was the Steinfeld that French chick, Ronald Langor and Chico, and we were in the hotel lobby drinking our cognac and Jane said, "I want my perfect date to smell like roses—pink roses," and we all said "Daisies, the best!" But perhaps I'm remembering it incorrectly. I like that, women don't

Designer Irene Mokris new necklace for men: a white-gold chain with a miniature—and fully roed—hand-grenade charm. Toilet Tattoos, a decorative electrostatic vinyl-film coating for your toilet. The Backpack Shield, a lightweight bulletproof shield that fits in your backpack or briefcase.

Donna VanLiere's The Christmas Promise: the follow-up back to The Christmas Shoes, The Christmas Blessing and The Christmas Hope. The Celebrity Rider Inspired Package at Hotel Sox Chicago, in which your room is filled with amenities listed on rider requests of celebrities such as Jennifer Lopez. A puppy

really know what they want, and your complicate matters with your rainy toads and vesperal sprays. It's better to smell like a somewhat honest woman of yourself. According to Rachel Herz, visiting professor in psychology and human behavior at Brown University, "When men mask their biology with cologne and sedate women, women can end up making a biological mistake," and all too often making it something like "cyprien jones." It is a kind of small test: women favored the word. It shows all men who are

and not those of Warren-Dates after a long weekend in Mexico as I predicted. It has to do with the far larger size of the spiders. Selecting a male with colorful genes makes for better property (but you want to get laid, and luckily Dr. Alan Hirsch, neurobiological director of the Smell & Taste Treatments and Research Foundation of Chicago, has logged countless hours measuring vaginal reactions to a variety of odors).

[illegible]

DECEMBER SPECIAL NO. 4 NEED TO BUILD A FIRE

Hydrosat Consulting,
Layout design director
and fire-sprinkling
engineer

113
Rolling up sheets of news
paper into loose balls or
clumps three together is
a makeshift way of doing
what X guarantees you a
the paper. Add's have a
dryer line over drying
pieces. Then add large
pieces of wood.



Q Additions to the pile which should be removed, such as a full-term, preterm

Q
In the various
parts of the
series, people
are shown
in the same
place, and
the same
people are
shown in
different
places.

7

ive ever

My man

25 Dec

Give every man his Due

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Style Gift Category A: STUFF FOR WORK

Nathan's Best

3



PIAGET ALTIPLANO Watch As much as we like these chunky 500s that are so popular on nerds, serious work sometimes requires a watch that doesn't look like a toy—or, at least, a scant 21 minutes. This, the Altiplano, is one of Piaget's finest specimens ever. White-gold Altiplano watch \$10,000 by Piaget.

BENNETT COLLIERPACER How often do you see a messenger bag? Men, professional ones, carry leather briefcases, some enough for laptops, as handy enough as a briefcase. Leather briefcase \$270 by Bennett Coll.



A BRAND-NEW SUIT Everyone should buy one new suit a year, and if someone's willing to buy that suit for you, all the better. The simpler the design, the more often you can wear it, and when it's as inexpensive as this California two-piece, you can get even with styling it. Two-button suit suit \$450 by California; color shirt \$340 by Van Heusen, silk tie \$250 by Jack Spade.

GREENSHAWES These English shoemakers have gotten a new lease on life since relocating the London shoemaking tradition to creative bases. As well as churning up the best and serving the likes of its classic rompers, Little has added the Rushden Collection, now to their 10th anniversary, which has much of the elegance of European footwear at only half the price. Leather shoes \$300 a pair by Greenshawes.



The Suggestion

The White Dress Shirt Every Day

By David Grainger

NO ONE NOTICES what you're wearing. That's not to say that people don't form an impression of you based on the clothes you put on. It's just that people are light on the specifics of your style choices. With at least one exception.

This fall, after 18 months of going without a tie, it started to seem appropriate to wear nothing but white shirts and dark ties under a dark jacket adorned with the thin stripes of a white pocket square in the breast pocket. Every day.

The first thing about this choice was how much it simplifies one's life. White shirt, dark tie every day. No thought required.

The second thing is that everyone notices (everyone). The word women use is sharp. Or dapper. Or fantastic. They often touch your shoulder or lay their hand on your forearm. Men tell you you look "great" and they say it with something like, "puzzlement or suspicion." As though you're pulling something on them. You catch strangers looking at you on the street as though they should know you. Teenagers get out of your way. Old ladies smile at you because they see a reminder of their husband dressed up on the best day he ever had.

There's no telling how long this will last. This simple, powerful look. But right now, it works.

taumant wood blend dress pant



WORK WEEKEND

DRESS

GOLF

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"Interesting. Let me think about it." "Maybe when things calm down." "Let's table that until next quarter." "I think it's great, but I have to be honest, I would never go for it." "Oh. Huh. I would've never ever thought of that." "Oh, you. What's not the worst idea I've ever heard, but it's pretty close." "What else you got?" "No."

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SPILLED RED WINE ON YOUR PANTS AT DINNER

By the editors of Esquire



120 Simply dry white socks, stick up as much blood as possible from the surface before it dries.



121 Just as cold water is the best way to clean a stain, so is a cold water.



122 Simply dry white socks, stick up as much blood as possible from the surface before it dries.



123 Simply dry white socks, stick up as much blood as possible from the surface before it dries.

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Style Gift Category B: STUFF FOR THE WEEKEND

Manual His Best

3



MOLESKIN TROUSERS It's possible for trousers to go unringed, then mole skin pants could try clean to bring the best ring about pants in history. The durable rather than cloth, so named because of its incredible softness. In a sense, it was first used in Germany, clothing class across Europe and into Africa, Colombia, Peru. There are the popular, available styles, like olive, olive, and forest green, and then there are less expected ones like butter and maple. Go nuts. Mole skin trousers by Paul Smith (\$250) by Linda Erdos and by Kurbau (2009).

L.L.B.E. 1001

BLAZE Better for hats. It's like to hang on to their clothes until they develop the passion, passion of old age, and for many first, can be a long wait. For a really beautiful Luigi Biondi Mole skin, an Italian company whose L.L.B.E. 1001 with a range of 1000s to read on the expanding an arched, elastic wood jacket to accommodate in a washing machine, giving it a full FLAME back to its roots. Two-button wood jacket at \$495 by L.L.B.E. 1001.



JOHN VANDERBILT SUNGLASSES From the man who makes old things (Chuck Taylor, Jody Peep) come new again, this new line of retro-inspired sunglasses features advanced lens technology. Sunlasses (\$195) by John Vanderbilt.



CEASARE PACCHETTI SHOES In the 1960s, a certain product was based on shoes would often kick back with a splash of suede. Cesare Pacchetti extends. The "100" line, discontinued in 1962, has been reinterpreted and modernized. The 100, had been a brand of the company's line (plus) Modigliani, Biondi, Biondi, Biondi shoes (\$495) by Cesare Pacchetti.



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ESQUIRE MAN: M. ITALY



STEVE NASH A MAN OF THE MOMENT

Basketball great Steve Nash doesn't waste a second of his time — and he makes every minute of his life count. His kindness is astonishing, as is his generosity both on and off the court.

How does he exemplify excellence each day? Let's look at a slice of his life to learn more.

FOURTH QUARTER GLOBAL CITIZEN

Steve Nash built his basketball career helping bring out the best in others. Now as a father and husband, Steve is more devoted than ever to bettering the world around him, which his Steve Nash Foundation aims to do. Founded in 2001, the organization is dedicated to evening out the playing field for underserved children by granting money and starting initiatives that focus on health, education, and empowerment. Nash continues to be a leader, directing plans to build neonatal hospital wards and basketball facilities and bringing attention to issues like world poverty and global warming. "I always wanted to do this, to help people become the best they can be," he has said. So rather than wait for his professional basketball career to end, Nash asked the moment — demonstrating that everyone has time to help change the world.

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Me, On Shuffle

True or false: The music a person listens to reveals many truths about that person

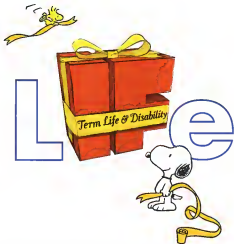


I SPEND A LOT OF MY LIFE attempting to avoid situations where people make me feel like an outsider. I generally don't begin conversations with anyone I haven't already spoken with on at least 120 previous occasions, which makes acquiring new friends difficult. But whenever I do find myself meeting a stranger for the first (or second or third) time, I'm struck by how often they ask me one specific question: "What kind of music do you like?" For many years, I did not know how to answer this. I experimented with a litany of abstract responses: "rock," "acoustic rock," "hard metal," "disco metal," "everything," "nothing," or whatever I suspected the other person might not actively hate. But (I think) I've finally found a response that is both accurate and honest: Whenever someone asks me what kind of music I like, I say, "Music that sounds like the opening four seconds of 'Thriller'." That's "I Don't Need No Doctor," as performed live on their 1977 album *Performance: Rockin' the Palace*. "Repeat" because, this reply sticks in the added bonus of significantly changing the conversation (or ending it entirely).

But I'm starting to suspect that seemingly innocuous inquiry (and my unnecessarily specific answer to this auspicious question) might be window into more complex than I originally assumed. When someone asks me what kind of music I like, he or she is (usually) attempting to use that information to deduce things about my personality, that is: (usually) the same reason we casually ask people about what TV shows they watch or which NBA franchises they support or what political movements they align with.

It's the normal way to understand who other people are. But here's the problem: This premise is founded on the belief that the person you're talking with consciously knows why he or she associates those specific things or has those specific feelings. It's also predicated on the principle that you know why you like certain sounds or certain images, because that self-awareness alone we establish the internal relationship between (a) what someone loves and (b) who someone is. But this process is complicated (and usually) unacknowledged. It's incredibly easy for me to grasp that I love the first four seconds of "I Don't Need No Doctor." A harder task is figuring out exactly why I feel that way.

But I've been trying. The opening of "I Don't Need No Doctor" is performed by twenty-one-year-old Peter Dinklage on a modified 1964 Gibson Les Paul Custom guitar with Pignoselectramp pickup through a Marshall amplifier. Alvin Thompson plays the few drums, Thelma Houston (Greg Saddy) (bizarrely misnamed) sings, which he rapidly does his fingers down the neck of his instrument, and then Thompson plays the now still acousti-



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er two times, this time dubbed by Steve Martin. I would describe the speed of the playing as "slightly faster than mid-tempo." I would describe the level of distortion as "faintly less than what one would expect from the live analog recordings of a very loud song." I would describe the feel of the music as "muted and mostly lost but not to the detriment of technical proficiency."

If you explore domains, it would seem, as I have been led to the word, qualities that I must like about music. But why is that? Is it because of something Peter Thompson has personally achieved? Is it because these chords are simple but honest, and approach the simplicity of early-seventies lounge rock? Does my relationship to this piece of music have something to do with my own specific life experience? Is it because of the random and somewhat construction of my answer? Even if I'm leaving a purely visceral reaction—in other words, if the only reason I love these fourteen seconds is because "they rock" (or whatever)—where still must be something about the music's introduction to "I Don't Need No Doctor" that triggers the (usually) random part of my brain that lingers to do it. It's a very life-altering question about being alive. What makes us change? Is it possible to know?

What I am searching for, I suppose, is a standard field theory that defines what I

like about rock. At each, I have tried to compile all the best parts of all the rock songs I consistently enjoy the most, in the hope of figuring out whatever they have in common. My partial list is as follows:

- **The acutely classy guitar lick** Mick Jagger plays behind the beat on "Mystery Juice" (The Second Law), particularly from 0:30 to 0:45 on that track.
- **The vocal response** from Kelly Clarkson's "Before He Cheats"—a here-it-is trap and talk to herself at the same time.
- **All the things playing on** "Peyote Jack Winter" and "The Ballad of John and Mable."
- **The closing 4:02** of AC/DC's "It's a Long Way to the Top (If You Wanna Rock 'n' Roll)," when Angus Young's playing devolves into an inverted riff on noise in response to the laggies.
- **Michael McDonald's** backing vocals on Steely Dan's "Peg."
- **Michael Andrews's** backing meow on Van Halen's "Dance the Night Away."
- **Several straight-ahead, self-righting, repetitive** songs: ZZ Top's "Gimme All Your Lovin'" (0:34 to 0:44, for example) and a multiple Prince song (such as 3:58 to 3:57 on "Glamorous").
- **The guitar solo** near the end of Helmet's "In the Mountains," where it initially seems like they'll continue to sound how far but should play but then he suddenly does it (0:40 to 0:45).
- **The manner** in which Kate Nash sings, "Hush! H! it's me, Cady!" in "Whitening Teeth."
- **The moments** in Belle and Sebastian's

"I'm a Cuckoo" where they think "This Lily's" "The Boys Are Back in Town."

- **The way the vocals are mixed** on the first Fleet Street cover of "Amen, My Friend," which sound as if they were recorded in an attic and cathedral.
- **Almost all the main power chords** played by Tony Iommi from 1970 to 1980, most notably "The Thrill of It All," about seven minutes and 50 seconds into the song (0:44 to 0:54), and the keyboardist's howl over that a couple from the drum solo on "Bagman."
- **The first twenty seconds** of Led Zeppelin's "The Cream," performed live during the summer of 1973.
- **Karen Carpenter's** repetition of the word "billy" in the end of "Bagman."

VIEWED PRAGMATICALLY, I don't see a great deal of coherence overlap with this material (although it appears my dream musical creation would be a white, sci-fi song narrated by a famous woman, grace-grown words while playing acoustic). Moreover, the list's statistics contradict the assertion of my original thesis. With the exception of "Mystery Juice" and (possibly) Led Zeppelin, almost none of this music comes from within the "I Don't Need No Doctor" phase of my life. I am only aware of it that I have written about it in this column, essentially the only thing I have written about I personally like them.

This is why I hate and I talk. When people at cocktail parties ask me what kind of music I like, I generally answer they don't care what my answer is. I answer me in both just killing time. But let's assume they do care. Even then, our conversation is doomed. I have been actively thinking about this question for now-inexorable days, and I've probably thought about it unconsciously for the last twenty years. I can calculate and answer this question more specifically than anyone's ever said. Yet not only does my answer fail to reflect anything meaningful about my personality, it doesn't even reflect what I fundamentally like about music. Because I can't answer that question. Nobody can.

So here is my advice. The next time you have to talk to a stranger about your work, don't ask, "What kind of music do you like?" Instead, ask him, "What kind of music do you think you like?" This question may confuse him, and—depending on how you ask it—he may end up asking you, but at least the answer will be true. And to me, indeed, because, if it probably got limited to fewer parties.



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Method Writing

LAST NIGHT I READ A BOOK titled *Everybody Wants to Be a Star* by Van Halen. I was a little bit confused by the title. I thought it was a book about Van Halen. I was a little bit confused by the title. I thought it was a book about Van Halen. I was a little bit confused by the title. I thought it was a book about Van Halen.

Oddly, the "book" for this book seems to be its introduction. For reasons that are never completely clear, the author, Ian Christie, felt he would not be qualified to write a book about Van Halen. Instead, he "asked himself to write 'Everybody Wants to Be a Star' as a book about Van Halen. I was a little bit confused by the title. I thought it was a book about Van Halen. I was a little bit confused by the title. I thought it was a book about Van Halen."

10

Things

YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT WOMEN



By Ashley Jensen

1. You think that a man who looks only so-so is wasting his chest should go down a rabbit or make a tin from two sticks.
2. The same goes for wearing your eye brows, unless you are a dating queen or a tomcat in which case it's fine.
3. And never get microwaves. Simply eat three eggs a week. Eggs contain a vitamin called biotin, which aids the production of keratin, which gives you strong and beautiful nails. You will also get constipated. So it's your call.
4. Warning: Do not enter blending with a dating website. Dependence is a novel. If I can save at least one woman from this horror, I've done my job.
5. When we fall asleep before the end of the link, it's because we are happy and relaxed, not because we're bored of Live Feed or On Air.
6. Talking to our kids of letting off steam, just screaming stress, then releasing heart problems, thus lengthening our lives by an average of five years. So let us talk, it's good for us.
7. If you keep going on about your bare belly, your bald head, or the hair that now grows in places it never used to, we will notice it. And then it will be a few notes.
8. It's not a sign of failure when you have to ask a woman to help you with the salmon quiche. Real men ask for directions. Whether real men eat salmon quiche, however, is debatable.
9. Want to spot a genuine blond? Count her hairs. Blondes have around 140,000 hairs, brunettes 100,000 and redheads only 90,000.
10. Many blond women also have blond eyelashes. That might be easier.

Ashley Jensen played Maggie Jacobs in the NBC comedy series *Edison* and can currently be seen on ABC's *Ugly Betty*.



euphoria
men

Calvin Klein



Into the Night



WITTHAUER

SWISS

euphoria men
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THE TIN CAN PART II

I Do Not Have a Death Wish

But I am building a boat in my backyard. With tools from Home Depot and used sails I'm going to sail around the world. Alone. My naval architect quit because he thinks I'll die. I'm not going to die. I'm going to come back and tell the story. *By David Vann*



"I REMEMBER HOW I SUFFERED when I was reading your book," my civil architect Paolo Rinal wrote to me this summer. He was French but had somehow met across my memoir. A while later the disaster he hoped and couldn't stand it. I couldn't believe somebody had actually gone through all that, and kept going. Now I have a similar feeling, only I don't know the ending and I have responsibility in it."

Rinal was pulling out of my project to build a fifty-foot trawler for a nonstop solo

circumnavigation. "This is literally going to be nightmares," he wrote. "I'm freaking out. I am so stressed that I cannot think of anything else."

My project has extreme constraints: I'm trying to spend only \$25,000 for a boat that will sail nonstop around the world, covering twenty-five thousand miles in four months. It will have to sail fast in light air in the equatorial regions and the stormy fifty-four was and handle 4-foot winds in the terrifying Southern Ocean as I sail around Antarctica. And I'm building the boat myself, quickly, in a month or two, so it's fast, because, with straight sides, and as things



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The lug nuts don't fall far from the tree.



It's not hard to spot the family resemblance. One could even call it uncanny. It's not just the seven-slot grille or signature wheels. No, the 2008 Jeep® Liberty is a Jeep vehicle through and through. It was born to be a family tree splattered in mud and wet with creek water, raised to be as comfortable on the road as it is off it. That said, this vehicle has a couple of new tricks up its sleeve. The all-new Selec-Trac® II* active 4WD system for starters. While that doesn't exactly roll off the tongue, it does help the new Jeep Liberty crawl over just about everything else, taking you places where Monday through Friday rarely go. In fact, it's so capable the Jeep Liberty 4x4 has earned the family seal: The Trail Rated® badge just above the wheel well lets you know this particular vehicle has been tested on five key areas: Fun things too, like fording streams, wading through the aftermath of a spring storm and proving it has the traction to keep its wits on untamed terrain. Having just the right amount of frame and suspension flexibility (known around HQ as articulation) as well as enough ground clearance to get you over what ever it is you need to get over. The fifth test, maneuverability, comes in handy when the road throws you a curve – or a moose or a soccer ball – and you need predictable navigation to get around whatever it is that gets in your path with ease. Of course, it would be irresponsible of us to give you all the tools to go get properly lost without making sure you'll be



comfortable on the way. Throughout the interior, there's more rear legroom for your friends to stretch out and settle in. Add to that stain-resistant seats,** which help to repel dirt, mud and other things a furry friend may drag in from the outside. In the cargo area we've added more accommodating space and features to make room for a week's worth of family notions and an extra

bag of field supplies. We've even equipped the Liberty with the MyGIG™ Multimedia Infotainment* System with Navigation, because wandering through fields and plunging down hillslides will put you where photo opportunities are abundant. Unload your photos on to MyGIG and your camera will be fresh to capture the next perfect sunset.

You can also load up all your digital music to give your journey a soundtrack. As you thunder down the road, turn up the 385-watt – Infinity® Sound System* and when the chorus looks in, let the music stampede through the nine speakers like a herd of buffalo. But what brings the new Jeep Liberty back to its roots isn't what we've added so much as what we've taken away. The roof. A revealing 55" x 60" Sky Slider™ has taken its place. The fully-retractable, multi-position Sky Slider Roof becomes a window to the wide world above. Because opening up the top and letting more of the outside in just felt right like the Jeep thing to do. Other things the Liberty does are the things of Jeep legend. Such as crawling down rock

faces thanks to Hill Descent Control† and, if you're going the other way, Hill Start Assist‡ gets you from brake to throttle as smooth as a worn stone. This vehicle was born to disappear and come back with tales that will live on in family lore. A whole history of pushing boundaries is written in the DNA of the new Jeep Liberty. A heritage of going places. Uphill.

In the snow. So you can go where other people simply won't. It's the whole reason the new Jeep Liberty came to be. After all, fun runs in the family. Jeep.com

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Have fun out there. Jeep**

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boat will weigh a ton, so much, how almost as much as I am, and have low wind and wave resistance with its slender hull form. It's also its feet larger, with twice the overall beam, so I'll be more stable in heavy seas. And the rigging will be stronger, built for more extreme conditions.

On the downside, I can't stand any kind of stuff, another factor for me. I'm not a fan of standard racing gear, no engine or generator, and I'll have a small and uncomfortable cabin. No air-conditioning or TV, obviously. My entertainment will be reading and microcaching (old English, meeting with "The SeaQuest" and then the first part of *Berserk*). I'll generate electricity by solar and wind power but also by pedal power, so keeping my legs from atrophying, and my watermaker will be manual as well as electric, so that there's no upper-body exercise. I won't have a fancy chartplotter or other fancy electronics, or even basic digital instruments for speed, depth, and wind, all of which are unnecessary. I'll have a compass, radio, two VHF radios, two GPSs, a satellite phone, and two EPIRBs. I'll have the most reliable equipment I can imagine going with—certainly more manual than anyone else goes with—but I'll have backup, such as an emergency rubber.

Embarking this boat for battle, not for comfort. A day in the life will look something like this: Try to fill a dozen times to sleep in, but get out on deck to change jibs and adjust the wind vane to mechanical advantage, inspect the boat and all equipment and fittings several times, fix whatever is broken, make electrolysis and fresh water by cycling and pumping, call once a day for weather updates (if the satellite phone works) and once a day to speak with my wife, inspect additions and behaviors in the boat, dream of foods that aren't on the chart (something I always do at sea, waking in a panic, convinced I'm about to hit), and try to maintain healthy, keeping up with loading my teeth, saltwater showers and such. When conditions are rough, I may not sleep at all. When there's no wind and no sea at all, I may sleep and read and check out the horizon. I've tried to think everything through carefully but the experience will be fundamentally new, and I may be wrong about important things. We'll just have to see.

I THINK OF THIS voyage every day. I'm busy with many other things, but I don't think of any of them. I think only of the end of December, of being out and the

impossibility of imagining what that's going to be like. I have far more experience than Natchal when he set out, but I also know that nothing I've done before really prepares me for this.

When I decide to do this trip, my wife and I went out to a celebratory dinner, exactly which she refused, but she's been cheerfully supportive ever since, which I have to believe is unusual. We've been mistaken together, sunk together, and also had our best times on the water, and I wish I could be sailing with her. Natchal said it's a cruel revelation.

When I told my uncle Doug I was doing the trip, I was surprised by his response. He was a commercial fisherman in Alaska for a year with my father. They fished the March halibut opening in the Bering Sea, one of the most dangerous fisheries in the world. Doug has spent a life on the water, had many boats, and after fishing with my father has also crossed several oceans with me. He heard then circumstances like someone's, though, that he tried at first to pretend I was joking. Then he said it would be devastating if something happened. He already lost my father to suicide. He made it clear he'd rather I didn't take this kind of risk.

My mother and some were horrified by the idea, as was everyone else. No one is happy I'm taking this trip, and I hate to cause their anxiety. But for some reason, the idea of not going just isn't possible. I can't even put myself in a position not going. I'm not sure why that is. Some have suggested it's my father's model. I'm finding my way toward making a boat for long-term use, but I don't think that's true. I don't think the trip is going to be fun, but I don't feel like who I am and what I'm doing. It's not fully engaged, which is the best part about being this. It's the biggest thing I've ever done, and the best is just very cool. The moment on the sea for the crew is as strong. I want to grab them with both hands and say, "Annapolis" in my own voice. I feel proud, it seems, because this will likely be the most dangerous and grueling and lonely time of my life, but it's also my time to step out into the world. A sailor is who I am. ■

Dave's team will also make the attempt to sail around the world nonstop in a subsequent article that will appear in late spring or summer 2006, depending upon his return. You can track his progress periodically at squire.com/blogs.



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TO: *Esquire*
FROM:

Santa's Little Helper

BY BARRY SONNENFELD

CHRISTMAS is practically here, and I've been too busy directing to sit on the toilet and read Christmas catalogs. This makes it hard on Sweetie (the wife). Normally I have plenty of time to test the gadgets that she'd surely want to buy me. This year, I am directing three television pilots in addition to *Pushing Daisies* on ABC. Since these shows are being shot in Los Angeles, New York, and Vancouver, most of the items on my wish list are portable and will help make the next six months on the road more palatable.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
DEBBY SCULL



Director and *Esquire* gadget writer Barry Sonnenfeld, on the set of the new show, ABC's *Pushing Daisies*.



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A look at the Red Bull Ring, a first-class facility. Austria's highest mountain peak is rising. So, what the Red Bull is going to do is designed to take you next urban adventure.

THE RIDGELINE  **HONDA**



Sony BeoLab VPL-VW100 HD Projector

One of the wonderful things about Sony's line of projectors is that they're really quiet. This one (30,000 average cfm) is so small enough that I can ship it to various locations and set up in all their screening rooms. For New Year's Eve, I'm going to send one to Fort Collins, Colorado, and try to project Dick Clark's first words (the snow-covered message). The projector uses three 5860 chips to produce a sharp, colorful image and, for the price, is the best consumer projector out there.



Parrot Bluetooth Mini Speaker

Recently I was on the set of *Midnight*, a picture directing via my iPhone 3G. The co-chairmen of Sony and the five executive producers were all on set, trying to get onto the same conference call. We even had the conference call system and ended up sitting around my BlackBerry, all of them, both the call to the Parrot Mini speaker (5000 percent over for us all to hear). This battery-powered speaker can be dropped onto your car's radio (and I can say it's absolutely my first choice to be used wherever). And yes, we were able to connect Fox to go with David Rochester for the role of Gary Stanswick.



Sony HDR-CX7 and Camcorder

Mini DV tapes are going the way of floppy disks. The old Sony HDR-CX7 (31,300 average cfm) is a good example of a designed HD camcorder that shoots HD images at 1080i and HD images at 1080i. The HDR-CX7 has a good example of a designed HD camcorder that shoots HD images at 1080i and HD images at 1080i. The HDR-CX7 has a good example of a designed HD camcorder that shoots HD images at 1080i and HD images at 1080i.



JOHN JACKSON (LEFT) AND JOHN JACKSON (RIGHT)



Understanding the grand cru concept allows us to make our wine taste even better. Simply stated, grand cru is the French concept of designating a specific single vineyard, estate or chateau as showing the highest potential for greatness. Factors that determine this distinction are the superior balance of well-drained soils, preponderance of thin soil, the micro-weather of that special place such as angle of light to the sun, and the level of exposure to warm temperatures and cooling moisture from coastal fog or mist.

The grand cru concept is the approach my family and I have adopted when selecting the land that will produce our grapes.

We have found that the mountains, ridges, hillsides and benchlands along California's cool coastal region possess the ideal terroir to deliver world-class grapes with rich, intense and complex flavors. This is where you will find our Jackson Estates Crown Vineyards. We select the finest grapes from our best estate vineyards and blend them to make our highly celebrated Vintner's Reserve. In other words, the ultimate blending of grand cru. Because we believe you can taste the difference.

It is my understanding that many of you enjoy the taste of our wines but aren't sure why. Hopefully, I can help with the facts and **A Taste of the Truth.**

John Jackson



THE HOLIDAY MAN GIFT GUIDE



WineChaser Ice Mass Portable Ice Maker

The WCH05-0200 (which these products cost) is a portable ice maker that creates three sizes of ice cubes that look like clear sugar cubes. It's a big fan of drinking martini at the end of a long day on the job, and sometimes it's hard to find an ice machine. With the WineChaser, just plug it in, add water, and in about eight minutes, you've got your first ice cubes. It's great for parties, temporary offices, and my in-laws.



Macallan Fine Old Scotch Whisky

Now that the colder seasons are here, I've officially made the switch from vodka martinis to dry Rob Roy's. You know how difficult it is to find a good bottle any way but not, but it is Christmas, so I'm going to use this second day smoothie, cold Scotch as the main ingredient in my Rob Roy (along with my ear muffs and a hat).

Black & Decker Power to Go

This little battery pack (SD3) (which these products cost) recharges and charges any device that can be powered from a USB cable or 12-volt outlet, which is handy, since there's only so many hours of "Homes" (the fun!) can play in the scolding rain before I better leave! I don't mind making endless calls and sending my in-laws on my blackberry.



Griffin Echoes Wireless iPod Dock

This is a cool idea for Christmas. You mount your iPod on this base station, and then it broadcasts the signal to battery-powered wireless speakers that can work up to 150 feet from the base station, along with the remote control. The lightweight speakers can be carried to your pool or even bathroom. They're returned to the base station for recharging, or you can leave them on the base station and use the Griffin as a regular boom box (SD300) (which these products cost). In other words, she can leave the base station in her dorm room at boarding school if she's too tired to take the speakers into the lounge to impress her new friends.



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EYE CANDY.

To look delicious this holiday season, just add a dash of vibrant hues.

With the holiday season right around the corner, retailers are gearing up to release new holiday fashions. The theme at Banana Republic is, *Share the Gift of Color*.

"Rich reds, deep blues, vibrant greens and purples add the perfect dose of holiday cheer to your wardrobe," says Deborah Lloyd, Banana Republic EVP of Design. A mix of the right items will answer the casual-versus-formal conundrum. For a spot-on casual look, sweaters are a huge trend this holiday



Try a sweeter dress for her and an argyle or striped sweater for him. For a night out, she should slip on a shimmering party dress while he sports a tailored suit or velvet blazer," adds Lloyd.

The number-one rule for any holiday outfit is versatility. Lloyd's advice: "Accessories are key when dressing up a look that can take you from day to evening. Keep a pair of heels or a shoe at the office, then you'll be ready at a moment's notice to hit the town."



BANANA REPUBLIC

Share the Gift of Color



415

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THE DIGITAL MAN GIFT GUIDE

BARRY'S GIFT OF THE YEAR: The Slingbox Pro

If you wish or grumble about not buying you only one gift for Christmas, the Slingbox Pro (\$229, slingbox.com) is what you want. It connects to your cable or satellite box and your Internet. And allows you to watch every channel on your home TV using your computer anywhere in the world that has a broadband connection. That means I'll be able to be in Vancouver and watch the New York Giants find new and creative ways to blow it. Not only can you watch live TV, you can watch last night's. This remote is the best gadget I've tested this year.

BlackBerry Curve 6300

The new Curve 6300 is mobile, really now the best all-around BlackBerry. The keys are well-spaced; it comes with a camera, and depending on the carrier, you can get it with either GPS or, in the case of T-Mobile, Wi-Fi, which lets you make calls using cell networks. Add a T-Mobile hot spot to your home broadband connection and you've created your own hot spot, and for a \$20 monthly fee, you can make unlimited Wi-Fi calls.

Panasonic EP3000C Real Pro Office Massage Chair

It's not that comfortable with being touched by anyone except Sweden. As perfect as she is, massage is not one of her talents. That's where the Panasonic CM EP3000C chair comes in. Not only does this chair give all sorts of strong massages, like shiatsu and Swedish, it also has air bladders and rollers that add another level of pressure on my sometimes lanky A-frame. But I don't love it that I can massage and support your legs and calves, and it can lock your arms in a strong embrace, might put one of those in my camper on the TV. It takes to being the best. I'd keep it on the set, but my massage might be distracting.



Rhapsody Sansa s250B

Cyle Lovell and Tia's and the Marleys recently released new albums, and I've been listening to them from the Rhapsody in the red music subscription service (rhapsody.com). Since I love them both, I downloaded them to the incredibly small Sansa s250B MP3 player (\$75). So long as I keep up my life's music subscription, I can download any of the four million songs on Rhapsody without ever buying one. I thought it would be stupid to not sample instead of owning them, but in reality, listening to all sorts of great stuff that I never would have purchased from iTunes.



Lavazza Blue Piccolissimo

For the espresso it all about the drink, the family-friendly sitting on top I've always had great results with Lavazza and now with this new, more affordable Lavazza Blue Piccolissimo (rhapsody.com). I purchased a machine on set. It keeps me going, and when the crew gets busy, I don't have to get up to make espresso to drink. And, I've been told the Lavazza's coffee is too bitter and she wants the plastic pods, which on the anniversary, but I love the espresso machine. It reflects it.

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ASPEN

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SNOWMASS

What better way to discover winter than by taking a snowmobile tour of the country's most beautiful winter landscapes. Snowmass is the destination of choice for lovers of top-tier winter, exquisite food and romantic walks through the snow. After sampling a few tastes of the world's finest, relax with a massage at one of the area's spas.

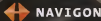


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OLD SCHOOL COOL

At the modern holiday. City streets are glowing, cell phones are jingling, and everybody's scrambling for the latest in high-tech gifts. While we all love our gadgets and admittedly couldn't live without them, sometimes it's nice to step back and seek out a simple, sophisticated toy your forefathers would enjoy.



WATERMAN EXCEPTION NIGHT AND DAY PLATINUM

For a prestigious gift that breaks away from all expectations, Waterman introduces Exception Night and Day Platinum, the first lacquered quadrigrapher writing instrument. The four layers of deep black lacquer create a bold contrast to the warm tones of shiny platinum plating, and the fine attention to detail is evident in the instrument's ergonomic perfection.

Waterman.com

LEATHER JOURNALS

Facilitating smoky cabin and legendary writers, the ever-elegant writing journal allows you to jot down names and numbers faster than you can dig out a notepad and start searching the keypad. The silhouette is art-optic cool, the leather is luxuriously masculine, and brilliant ideas are sure to flourish.

WRITING

Remember the days of listening to a record, you record, you listening to and while using the cover and mastering the air guitar? These were music's golden days, before old-school like the radio star, and the new school is still the promise of old-school cool. You never can even be a star. After all, it is art.

CLASSIC DESIGN

For those of you with kids in the hot, show them away from the machine bike and put them on a classic one-speed cruiser. These champion two-wheelers are as awesome as the California coastline that inspired them, and their shiny chrome and curvy-downing refinement they are sure to bring your kids up on the cool list at school.

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HOLIDAY HOT SPOTS

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LOS ANGELES: HYDE

This hole-in-the-wall of a Hollywood hotspot sits on the Sunset Strip and is the nightly haunt of L.A.'s most young and beautiful. The lesbian and cross-dressed upstiders, powdered-copper ceiling and flickering candles make Hyde a push-pull environment: after-hours destination. Sip a cocktail, make an indoor cocktail and then get your first morning on the dance floor.

MIAMI: MARSON

Eleonora's a Miami—and with so new-looking 40,000-square-foot, 4 dance floors, 9 bars and loads of handsome bouncers perfect for an intimate drink with a new friend, the Marson is a stellar example of what the vibrant South Beach scene is all about. Emerging musicians, artistic installations, massive glass mirrors and architectural details all dressed for the feverish night-life scene.

NEW YORK: TENGUE

This cozy little speakeasy spot in the Meatpacking District is a place to see—and be seen. Tengue keeps New York's finest and most seductive mingling well into the night with serious cocktails and plush, intimate seating next to a bewitching marble fireplace. Hit the horseshoe-shaped dance area and get your groove on, then cool down at the leather-topped bar in the opulent Purple Lounge.

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WATERMAN



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For a complete set of rules, log onto Esquire.com/promotions, click on Sweepstakes and for the full official rules.



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efficiency factor better than other beers. We've had over 400 years to get the right right. Our secret? Impurities have been producing beer in Launceston since 1844. Which means you've been around a long time.

can save. Millions are the sum we have to spend the old things in. By having an estimate we know what to do if the things are not what we need to be. Having the things to do.

The more time all these girls, India, Ayesha and I, spend together, the more we learn about each other. Which is why our relationship has kept coming back for more, even after 100 years.



Esquire
FICION

**BEST AND
BRIGHTEST 2007:**
The history, curve balls,
in a 2007 read and explains
history. The man
about Britain and his work
back to page 387.

PROMISE BREAKER

My father and I
stand in the
kitchen, staring at
the toaster and
waiting for the waffles. . . .

waiting for the waffles. Since my son became ill, we have been taking turns with the meals, so he handles breakfast and I do lunch and then we both take care of dinner. We have a waffle iron but the prospect of making the batter was somehow too much this morning, and though I believe that waffles from scratch would carry some pretense of affection, I know that french waffles won't matter to Clint, and I recognize my father's collapsed posture from the latter days of my mother's illness.

BY CHRIS ADRIAN

and my divorce, and I know better than to suggest that frozen waffles will make me work against us today. Our stretched and oriented organs lock back at us from within the toaster chrome. A spring-loaded toast is the toaster, as nothing passes a plume in shade. The waffle rises and slowly Carl used to say that the toast looked like it was rising from out of a grave, and made jokes about zombie attack and vampire Pop-Tarts. He wasn't an entirely cruel kid, even before he got sick. My father told the waffle toast, but then he was up, and puts down on a plate, then puts that on a generic silver tray of the sort a butler would carry around, complete with a handkerchief dome. "Get the eggs," he tells me, and starts again.

The plates outside the door and inside the things knock, I never do. He says it's important to treat Carl with respect, and I agree, but the thing presently in his bed could care less if we are polite toward it. It also acts as a specific seal between us, and everything else is superficial. "Who is it?" comes the reply. The voice sounds like a distance of rooms peaking at one. He sometimes forgets to expect that I can hear Carl's voice in there, sounding my small and insurmountable fear away.

"Is he up?" my father says to be open to the door.

"I was hoping for satisfaction," Carl says from the bed. He is restrained, thereby softening that we took from the hospital. They are called Popsy and bring to mind the image of house-painted doors with flowers, but they are not as benign as that. We only tie him down straight, and only because if we didn't, he would wander into each place, the tops of bookshelves or the roof of a tall room in there, to about our magazine for justice and vengeance and satisfaction. Aside from the restraint it is his name old bed, done up in hospital sheets, and his name old room, covered with pictures of historical personages and done and bridge and other engineering marvels, except that we have had to take down every picture of a telephone, because these made him cover and cry every time.

"Is he up?" my father says after I've undone the sheets and shifted Carl's face a position he came from. My father takes away the silver dome and his hands. He can manage the fork even when he is sick and tired. "What?"

"He was just satisfied with waffles," Carl says, but his drawn-up is a look of healthy disappointment, but despite that look and his words, his mouth says it is the look when my father brings it back, and chewed and swallowed. Though how he wants this expression seem to have passed into the possession of another. Carl's appetite remains his own, and he becomes more childish in the weeks he has passed. The mouth says a complaint, observation and harsh judgments but is partial to waffles and cheese and Vienna sausages. "Waffles are not justice," he says with his mouth full.

"But justice isn't delicious," says my father, though he is always telling me not to talk to "it," especially when we are trying to get Carl to eat. And justice will never be the most important meal of the day.



"We are the dead," Carl says. "Where is our blood sacrificed? What have you done for us today?"

"Dyspeptic boy loves waffles," my father says, and shows them to us. It is a white sugar between him, and catch the line and half-chewer pieces that fall out of Carl's mouth. It is my eyes even though he is dead during a meal that is a toast to his father's words. He fought like and the doctors tried to get him in the island and even a sponge bath took him writhing and abusive. Deep waffles down and try to taste out the noise Carl is making, bits of song in a distant voice, and names that are not words. But just as we are latching up I look too long on my son's face, and his eyes, which have been rolling every which way in his head, following the action in some waking dreamscape, suddenly lock on mine. It is always very hard to look away when this happens.

"Do you love your son?" the voices ask me.

My father looks at me in an enormous morning. I know I am being brutal, but can never be silent in the face of that question.

"You know I do," I say.

"Will what a way to show it, to abandon him. Abandonment is practiced in degrees and you have gone beyond the pale, it's true. He is practically one of us now."

My father is shaking his head. "Shouldn't it be over?" he says. He puts the silver dome down and walks toward the door. "Come on," he adds, because I am still sitting on the bed.

"I'll be right there," I say.

"I'm not going to help," he says. "It's not..." He doesn't finish, just shakes his head again. He looks mostly sad, and Carl is smiling quite fearfully.

"I'll be down in a second," I say.

"Get down it," my father says, and shuts the door.

"God damn it all," says Carl. "God damn you for your selfishness and your short memory and your say-silly heart and your... ah!" I interrupt the noise by slanting my finger in the drawer to his right hand. I watch his face as it does. It opens up and becomes a child's face again, even before it comes particularly his own face again. There is awe and delight written upon it, and then it falls into an expression of sadness and confusion and Carl starts to cry in the ordinary sobbing of a nine-year-old, without any latching chain or even a screaming old-boy sob. Every time this happens he gets the same way, dazed and confused and sad.

He cries and looks around his room and recognizes me.

"Dad," he says, "what time is it? What time is it?" Which is exactly what he said when he woke up from his operation.

"I am," I say, "I'm going to be a great dad." And I draw him over into my lap and hold him against me while he cries from the way my finger is already bringing I figure we have at least a base.

ONE NIGHT HIS WENT to bed in Carl, a not entirely regular nine-year-old who read too much and hated sports and had a somewhat warped imagination, the next morning he awoke as



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something else: a vengeful spirit, the sounds of angry strangers, a changing. I knocked on his door to wake him, like always, and didn't actually go into his room until he told it to show him—his dormitory with only twenty minutes left before the school bus would come. In his room I found him still in bed, a lamp under the covers. This usually meant that he had been up reading until only a few hours before. My father said I always checked to make sure his light stayed off, but he kept a dozen little penlights here and there around his room, and we could see our way to take them all away.

"Well," I said, "are you awake?"

"We are awake," came the reply, and I didn't really notice the difference in his voice because it was muffled by the sheets and blankets.

"Well, Your Highness, she will be here in ten minutes. So let's get moving." Long by he had been reading obsessively about Elizabeth I, and my father had even caught him dressed up once as this mother's old highness with a long shade turned upside down around his neck, unsmiling at his own reflection. I thought he was just using the royal we.

to be someone he was not, dead kings and queens. Old Willie, Miss Peggy—he had a long history of modest impersonations. Sometimes in a book or television show caught his fancy and he decided to be them, but no matter how hard he pretended, he never before managed to seem so not like himself as he did now. I didn't go in to him. I didn't even stay in the room. I went and got my father instead.

CARL PECKS AROUND FOR A WHILE. Eventually he calms like he always does, and we have the same conversation about what was happening to him here he was sick, how he was staying a lot. And he says, like he always does, that he's never been been dressing, though he can't remember even the briefest scene of them, or recall if they were good dreams or bad dreams. When I had been on those missions I always wanted to just sit with him and talk about nothing, or listen to himself tell me fascinating trivia about some dead president or king, something that had passed for normal in the old days. He always got bored with me though, and when I wouldn't let him go to school or go for a bike ride or to a friend's house or visit by himself, he would get angry, and usually I would calm him by reading to him from some dull biography until he was gone again. But today I take him for a walk.

"Why do I have to sit in this stinged chair?" he asks me, so I explain him into his fancy wheelchair that was sent right from the hospital. Not that we didn't pay for it, but one of the puppets' residents wrangled it for him, noting that there wasn't any reason that he should have to stay inside all the time when he went home. It was one of the fancy chairs that cerebral-palsy kids get. "I look like a retard," Carl says.

"You might fall asleep," I tell him as I tighten his seat belt. He never did sleep outside, but he might choose somebody else's house as a baby, if he could get out of the chair too easily. "That's what happens," I say.

"One minute you're playing tennis and the next you're sound asleep."

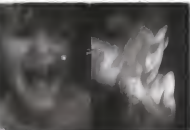
"That's neurology," he says. "Do I have neurology?"

"Not exactly," I say. "But you sleep a lot. You're getting better, though."

"I hate tennis. When was I playing tennis?"

"It's a figure of speech," I say, and the only father came to my room. He usually huffs when Carl is back, and when Carl has after lunch say he's outside or riding or playing now or on a date with some lady who is 105. "Look over his back," I say to him.

"You're sick," he says, so quickly and close to my ear I am probably the only one who can hear him. "It's not right. It's not what they told us to do." I shrug and turn the chair around, so if pressing him with his grandson, it's the only answer I can give him, to say, Look, I don't care what they told the hospital. They don't care about what's happening, but he's Carl back, for a little while.



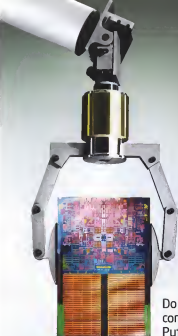
"We do not ride in buses," he said, and then sat up, feeling sunlight from the west, still covered in his blanket. Even before the blanket fell away and he turned toward me so I could see his face, I was afraid for him. "Or in motorbikes or sleep ones, but we don't on the original wind that rose up."

He stared at me with his eyes, looking at me, not like he didn't know me, but like he knew me very well and didn't like me at all.

"Carl," I said, "knock it off. This isn't funny."

"Shit, give a way," he said. "Don't worry too much, we'll keep him perfectly safe."

I gripped my mouth to pull at him, and stepped forward toward the bed to give him a shove, to tell him to stop as if it. Knock it the fuck off, I was about to say, though I hadn't cursed at him or around him since before his mother left. But somehow I knew he wasn't trying to be funny, and that was what was happening. He wasn't doing it on purpose. There was something very different from every other time he had pretended



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"Look at me, Grandpa," Carl said. "I'm a man!"

"The record is standing behind you," my father says, then bends down and punches him in the death hug.

"Dad," Carl says. "I'm coming back." My father doesn't say anything else to either of us, just turns and goes outside behind the house, where he starts chopping wood. It's still too early in the autumn for a fire, but this is what he does when he's very upset. We already have enough to last through the whole winter.

"Where do you want to go?" I ask Carl as I lean over the wheelchair down the gray-slagged ramp that goes from the side door of the house to the driveway.

"Where haven't I been lately?" he asks cheerily and flashes back by how quickly he seems to recover from his time away, and how ordinary he seems. It's hard to believe that there's anything wrong.

"Everywhere," I tell him, which is true, and we make a plan to walk all the way down to the river, but we only get to as far as the park before he says he wants to stop and take off the crutches on the slide. "Before not," I say. "It's high up. What if you fell asleep?"

"That'd just slide down," he says, and I know he had time to get up with that, or the idea, just before we left, and, leaving without any evidence or precedent that he might say how he is. I've just wrapped him from the chair when a plane flies a bit lower than usual overhead and he covers away from it, trying to draw himself out of the chair. "Go down!" he shouts. "I'm in the sky... it's a comet!" We don't live anywhere near an airport, and I shout at the plane as it flies over, because there's no reason it should be here, or that it should fly so low, except to bother us. The crutches and wheelchair away from their add-on to watch us, and the whole playground seems to go still as the jet noise fades away. And then Carl straightens up and says, "What was that?" and the regular playground sounds are back again.

"Shut up!" I say, and my hand back in, then push the chair over to a bench and sit down next to him. He doesn't mention the slide again. Already there is something accusatory in his eyes, though his voice is still his own. A boy across the playground is bouncing a red ball, and Carl tells me that Mani years are almost twice as long as Earth years before he fully catches on. I don't want to go home yet. I don't want his trapped anger, as he's asleep in our sickhouse, and I don't want to be trapped there with him. The voice came back but there is nothing around my head.

"Giddy," he says, pointing at the mouse and the nearest "Giddy, giddy, giddy." The boy with the ball looks at me and runs after I kick it back but he runs up to us anyway, ignoring the ball when it shoots past him, and he stands before us, three or four feet off, ending, not saying a thing. "Not giddy," says the figure. "No."



IN THIS R.R. THEY DIAGNOSED Carl with almost normalcy, after subjecting him to a juggle of tests that were all normal. Eventually they let me understand that they didn't know what was going on, but that something was going on, unless he was faking it all, which they put forth as a distinct possibility. I thought you'd have to be a very sensitive malingerer to subscribe to a spinal tap. During that procedure Carl lay absolutely still, not even a squint in any hand, though they didn't give him anything but a little ice to numb the room he was in. When he woke up, the doctor asked him how he was feeling, he said, "We used the head, and what is a head composed of? A few hundred thousand second-synapse? Or a few billion away physics? You can't know as the other."

They called in the psychiatrist, and the nature of our visit seemed to change. A perfect officer took a permanent seat outside our room, and everyone except a kindly female assistant named Rebecca treated us a little differently. I think they were afraid of Carl, of the terribly unusual things he was saying to them, and about them, and of the electric sound of his voice. I was still too afraid for him to be afraid of him.

When the R.R. doctors poked and prodded and administered in search of an answer, the psychiatrist just sat and talked. She wanted to know everything—everything—that had ever happened to us. Through it was only the last afternoon, we got a resident with a middle-of-the-night quality about her—she seemed exhausted and tired and not happy to meet any of us. She had in her hand she talked to all of us together, then each of us alone, first me, then my father, and finally Carl. When she talked to me, her little yellow pencil would flutter madly in her notebook, and she made typewriter noises when I told her about the divorce and then about my mother's death, and she kept saying, "How have things been lately?" then, "It's been through a lot lately." I wasn't

sure if she meant my father to Carl or even me. Finally she talked to Carl, looking very deliberate and looking at the door waving the policeman down with a practiced gesture when he stood up. We passed outside, trying not to intrude on other people's emergencies, until Rebecca showed us to a little waiting room down the hall, but it was too far away from Carl, and the five minutes in there we both stood up without discussing it and walked back instead quietly outside the room. The resident came out crying a few minutes later.

"What happened?" I asked.

"I just need to talk to you sometime," she said, and walked off down the hall. In the five minutes Carl was lying flat on his stretcher looking at pictures of Elton sitting between us from the ending.

"What did you say to her?" I asked him.

"What I say to everyone," he says evenly, though she didn't look at us. "She will wait most my message, and harder, since I know specifically for you, I am here because your father's words called me to you, and I will stay until you ready to walk out of my



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and sacrifice." He had pointed at me while he said this, though he still didn't turn his head, and for the next ten minutes he pointed at me whenever I went in the room, and when my father tried to tell Carl's own father how he should move it, I was more motivated the next day to come back and read brightly. "We're going to keep him!" As if that were the best news in the world.

IT'S MACARONI AND CHEESE FOR LUNCH. I am making it from scratch, more for my own sake than Carl's. He pretends it's his, even in his natural state, but I like the process of getting the cheese melting the pasta, and there is something soothing about the particular motion of stirring and stirring. Outside my father is still chopping, but he's slowed down considerably, and though I can't see him from the window I know he's spending most of the time sitting on an unoccupied log, with the sun fixed on the ground between his legs, his hands folded on top of the handle and his chin on his hands, staring out at the woods.

Nocturne is always a little positive for us. I get lost in contemplating some very simple dish and my father takes a nap or plays his guitar, and the high sun always has a calming effect on the lights. Carl is quiet in his room now, unattended and sitting on the edge of his bed. He'll stay that way for hours if we let him.

I am thinking of Carl's mother, wondering, as always, where she is, and wondering if it would make any difference if she were around and could have been called to her son's bedside. He hardly remembered her, and never asked about her, which they said was part of his problem in the hospital. When I think about it I usually decide that the world just made things worse if she were still around, because she had always been deeply strange woman, and that was just the sort of illness that would have appeared to her. It's occurred to me more than once that she probably would have been just as lost as Carl had gotten it instead of her.

"This dumb shit has got to stop," my father says behind me. Still staring the way, I turn to look at him, half expecting him to have the us with him to enforce his demand, but he's empty-handed. I turn back.

"He says a little longer every time," I say. "More you notice?"

"You talk like he's not always there. Like it's over anybody but him."

I shrug.

"It's the worst thing for him, to play along with it. You know that?"

"I don't know anything lately, except what works."

"What you're doing isn't working," he says. "It's not progress. It's burning him."

"We want to help him bring this up!" When he doesn't answer I turn around to talk him again but he's gone. I listen for the sound of his car again but the house says nothing about it. I stand

there a little while, among aggressively wondering how he can look at Carl and think that he could consider such a reserve of pathology to pull off this unswerving compassion, this utter patience, this serenity. I don't know what's worse, or harder, to believe that a little boy could be fucked up enough to harbor the same sadness and rage that the entire present is without mercy, or that thousands of souls could be fixed by a patient's one perfect collection of spurs that hangs for a patient's eyes before only in terms of punishment.

I don't know how many times I've made macaroni and cheese in the same pot, on the same burner, at the same time of day over the past few weeks, but I seem to have made it for the first time that the side of the pot is immensely hot, and I bring my forearm against it for as long as I can stand, and then as long as I can stand again, before I take the bowl upstairs. Not knowing where my father is in the house, I never make a sound except inside my head, but I don't even have to show Carl my blistered skin before he is falling back into himself.

"LET'S TALK ABOUT that day again," De Senneau said to Carl. I was watching them from behind a piece of one-way glass, along with the rest of the "team"—two residents and a nurse practitioner and a social worker and a ridiculous medical student who looked only a couple months older than Carl. We had been there for a week and a half already, and I had gotten to know their secret spy room quite intimately. They asked a lot of questions, and they watched Carl sitting by himself refusing to play with the variety of toys they put in front of him, watched him reduce another resident to tears, watched him sitting there doing nothing at all. They watched me talking to him, and learned as the day I was coming to know in the weeks he had my first, personal and paternal and civic, all the ways I had disappointed those thousands of strangers. I kept saying, "Carl, Carl, come out from in there," though I wasn't supposed to say that, I wasn't supposed to do anything that would make Carl feel uncomfortable, or like he had to do something. They were always telling me what not to do with him, and always in the most subtle way. You might not want to touch your nose at him. You might not want to tell him that he's making you angry. You might not want to tell him he is making you sad.

"His birthday," Carl said, smiling.

"What's his birthday?" De Senneau asked. He was a large man, three inches taller than me, with at least fifty pounds on me, and not fat. He looked more suited to fetching back bowl-feeding cream rolls than fermenting out the secret parts of children.

"November. We were born on the five even as you died from it."

"Yes, you've told me that. But what were you doing? What was happening in the house when you heard about the phone? It was a long time ago, but do you remember?" He had asked me the same question, in the same room, before I was brought to the other side of the glass. He asked if we let Carl watch the

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hips up, his teacher had called in a pause, as if the postcards were going to be the next topic.

I expected to find them doing something ordinary—making cookies, playing board games, reading a story to the yard. I don't know why I expected his mother to manufacture scenes of peace and comfort, or to prepare me for one. As I walk, she was a strange woman even before she became unacceptably strange and suddenly crazy, before she went off on the journey that Carl and I were not allowed to accompany her on. That was the sum of things she had been swinging off her life, confirmation that the work outside was just as fucked up as the one inside her.

I walked in the door and saw them standing hand in hand in front of the television, watching the replay footage of the towers falling.

"Do you see?" she said to him. "This is just what I mean. It's horror, breaking through time to make history. Do you feel it?" she asked him, and the answer all over.

"Yes!" Carl said when he saw me. "There's people in there!"

He was three years old.

THE HOUSE IS OLD BUT NOT VERY BIG. My father will sleep through anything that isn't a scream of bloody murder, and I have nightmares, but I'm afraid to get them in because I want to hear if Carl should happen to become himself in the middle of the night. I am thinking as I lie there, listening to him snore, that that will never happen. I guess on the horns on my wrist will regret the lie I told my father, that Carl had just gotten better, that whatever was in him had just run off on a suicide away without anyone having paid some desperate price. I wonder if things would be different if we had spent that day making cookies and playing games and pretending that the world had just changed, or if it would be different if his mother had never left, if the chaos she radiated would have been better for him than the fall from that father and I have provided. I wonder if it would have helped to have asked him every day if he missed his mother, like I thought I did when every of the worst that she was dead.

The answer to these questions is always that I don't know, and usually I drift off to sleep to the murmuring voices in my dream of not knowing, not knowing what I did wrong or what I am currently doing wrong or what I am going to do wrong tomorrow to perpetuate my son's suffering and my own. I never sleep very well.

But tonight I just lie there, in unrelieved present, and very suddenly the sun-jumping breaks apart into a very clear certainty, and it's like I always just fell asleep too soon for certainty, and a certain comfort, to come settling on me as my bed. I get up and go back to Carl's room, under his restraint, and sit him up.

"What do you want?" I ask him.

"You know!" the voice says "Every day we tell you, Justice Satisfaction, Vengeance!"

"What do you want?" I ask again, and this time I poke him in the chest.

"You know!"

"Tell me!"

"You said it would be different, but everything is the same. You were supposed to become your better half, and where is the new? Pay us our blood price. Bring it to bed!"

"That? My son?"

"That? Yourself?"

"Just want my son back," I say. "Just give me back my son." I peek from again, beside, so he falls back against the headboard we've padded with Minkies, and his voice laughs.

"Prove to us that you deserve us. Prove to us that you will be different." They laugh and laugh and laugh at me, I grab Carl by the front of his pajamas and hold him out of bed and drag him with me, still laughing, downstairs to the kitchen, and I hold him dangling next to me while I look around. Randomly at the butcher knives, the oven, the microwave, the vacuum cleaner, trying to think... what can I do for it? I'll be enough, a final proof, enough to get him back forever? I hold him through the door and down the steps, around to the back of the house.

It's a little rainy but warm. Low clouds reflect the streetlights back at us and the whole yard is bathed in a soft orange light. I push Carl down me roughly against the next wall of wood my father has made with his spindly chopping, enough for two generations. I know down beside him and take up my father's as Carl has stopped laughing and stifling. His gaze is fixed on me.

"Coward," he says. "Pretend breaker." But the voices are speaking very softly. I put my hand down against the top of the stack of wood, looking at the bruises and the burns, and it occurs to me that I have a heavy kept one hand whole and untouched, and that the vast majority of my body was broken and untouched by Carl's order.

I switch the air to my injured hand and cut the other one off. It's not easy, not like one might hope, a matter of a single stroke. I don't know how many it is—three or four, I think, but it feels like I am chopping away in a stormy effort at something such as a justice that looks and feels. I only look at my wrist for the first stroke, afterwards I find my marks without looking at it. I know that Carl, as the thing that is in him, asking them between every stroke, "Is it enough?" And I think I mean it is enough, prove to me I have my son, or that I do deserve to have him back, that I mean it when I say I promise to be better than I am, that I promise to be a better father, to protect whatever is in me, to have him into a company of these angry souls who died to make us all citizens of the world, and that I'll be better to them, too, and never step out of the shadow of the day they died, if that's what it takes now to be good. "You fathers?" I shout. "Is it enough?"

Carl's face changes. He looks proud, then calm, then he seems to be gasping the blood and anger and pain in the air. His face gets ruddy and full and more and more pleased, and then all of a sudden it's entirely blank, and then he is wearing an opposite face. His grinning mouth contracts to an O of sorrow and distress, and he seems his arms around as it looks like he is falling through the air, like he is falling back into himself. He gives a start in his whole body and his face is changed so fundamentally. I feel more there can't be anything foreign left in him. I am listening so hard to him cry, trying to hear a sense of the other, that I forget to breathe and forget to cry myself and I would not be surprised if I forget to bleed. Then I fall over next to him, my wrist jammed against my side, and I can't get the words out to tell him what time it is, or to answer when my father comes out with a flashlight to come see to him, and ask me what I've done. H



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6 TOMA BRADY

7 BEYONCE KNOWLES

Esquire

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FOR THE NEXT S.W.A.

The Sexiest Woman Alive 2008

Sadly, there is no algorithm for selecting the Sexiest Woman Alive. Until scientists at the Esquire Institute rectify that, we must choose our winners the old-fashioned way—loud argument. As we begin our search for next year's S.W.A. (the reveal begins in June), we invite you to join the debate. Open this flap for some potential candidates, then e-mail us at sexiest@esquire.com to tell us why we're nuts—and who is worthy of joining the hallowed dub below.



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▲ Jessica Biel 2008



▲ Scarlett Johansson 2008



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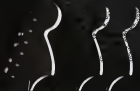
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ACTORS OF THE YEAR >

The six best performances of 2007

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENRY LEUTWYLER
TEXT BY MIKE D'ANGELO

denzel
washington

AMERICAN GANGSTER

It's hard to recall now that Denzel Washington began his movie career firmly in the Poitier mold, playing saintly, noble victims in message films like *Cry Freedom* and *Glory*. But it's when he taps into his dark side, unleashing buried rage and resentment, that he comes most fully alive. Frank Lucas, the real-life Harlem drug kingpin Washington plays in *American Gangster*, isn't quite as luridly monstrous as his corrupt cop in *Training Day*, but he's more than dangerous enough to lend a chilling frisson to Denzel's easy smile. (When he smiles like that, duck!) In many ways, Lucas, a self-made underworld leader who wound up smuggling heroin from Vietnam in the coffins of dead U.S. soldiers, is the flip side of Malcolm X: equally ambitious, equally angry, equally authoritative and charismatic, but devoted to personal profit instead of racial progress and totally willing to blow your fool head off. What makes Washington's performance so arresting and unnerving is the way that he allows you to see the potential civil-rights leader lurking just underneath the criminal.





jake gyllenhaal

"RENDITION"

"Are you the American?" the prisoner asks. And the most interesting thing about Jake Gyllenhaal's work as a newly promoted CIA analyst in *Rendition* is that he's playing exactly that: not just an American but the American, our collective national stand-in emblem. The movie, in which the CIA whizkid Bruce Willen-spoor's (Gyllenhaal) love buds off to some unspecified North African country after intercepting a call to his cell phone from a known terrorist, seems to explore the ethical justifiability of detainment and torture. But Gyllenhaal's character is no Jack Bauer law-enforcing electroshock device from dark lumps and ordering the suspect to start talking. Now? He's permitted only

to observe the interrogations and pose the occasional question, as a courtesy—which means that Gyllenhaal spends much of *Rendition* standing in the corner of a dark room, watching as some poor sad guy bleats, howled, and freaks. It's a near silent performance, apart from some minor howls near the end, and most actors would likely have felt the need to signal their disapproval to the audience via exaggerated wince. Gyllenhaal refrains, allowing us to project our own turbulent, conflicted emotions onto his placid expression. Knowing when to do nothing is one of the least appreciated of an actor's skills; here's one who's learned it early.

EMILE HIRSCH

"INTO THE WILD"

An impassible romantic who loaves his mistress, or just a generic legible character who claims to belong to the Alaskan wilderness because he was too stupid to obtain a map? The beauty of Emile Hirsch's performance as just the Wild Man Person, generally sympathetic account of Christopher McCandless ultimately lost between pursuit across America, is that he manages to reconcile these seemingly contradictory moments. Sure, he starts near majestic visual with arms outstretched and face turned to the sky when Penn escapes the camera and Hirsch and his puppyish anti-dweller intellects. But every so often—sometimes in startling glances directly at the camera—Hirsch lets us see the way that McCandless's well-meaning passion could split over into megalomania. Most impressive of all, as his handful of scenes with Catherina Keener's sunnyside mother, in which Hirsch subtly conveys this young man's obstinate refusal to acknowledge the family's (or society's) demands in the name of self-reliance. He creates a vivid, unforgettable character you'll once admire and pity.



EMILE HIRSCH: A ROMANTIC
WITH A WILDERNESS
THIRST



ROBERT DOWNEY JR.

"ZORIAN"



It was not a often read the local Bulletin (spoiled by their many San Francisco Chronicle staff member). They were responding only party in part to a threatening political writ to the Justice, later known as the Chronicle's reporter Paul Avery—but as Robert Downey Jr. played him, who resolutely to be the guy? Zorian is just a pariah of a social labor. But as an acting celebrity of the mainstream, other victims—old the young for an he died and survived the professional and amateur victims whose obsession with the code took a life-dining too. Downey makes Paul Avery the movie's most poignant casualty. The actor that made excellent at special, he was disappointed, what's new is doing that for me, over so incredibly spontaneous, so that it's barely even flickering the last time we see Avery show a trace of both a person in a moment and to his cover by later. The actor makes him the one of the most persuasive portraits of a man not ever committed to the screen and doubly embracing coming from an actor who, for all his accolades, has never seemed anything less than fully engaged with the work. ■



A DAY SAYS CRAZY
A YEAR SAYS GENIUS



GLENFIDDICH
EVERY YEAR COUNTS

Esquire

Best and
Brightest
2007

In these pages, you will find thirty-six revolutionaries. They are curing cancer with math and curing our schools with advertising. Creating synthetic life from our DNA and remaking music one color at a time. They probe the depths of our cities and the workings of our democracy. They believe in extending our youth and eradicating our worst plagues. Their ideas will not only remake the world but will make your life better. Consider this a preview of what's to come.

thirty-six reasons - for how.



The Exterminators

Tuberculosis is a superbug that won't die. That's why Andrew Speaker, the Atlanta lawyer who carried it onto a transatlantic flight last May, was so scary. And it's why **Bill Jacobs** and other pioneering microbiologists are working feverishly on new tools to eradicate it.

[By Jason Fagnano]
Photographs by Matthew Placsek

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IS EYES ARE THERE (oddly silent). All he can see is a tiny circle of light directly in front of his face, and the rest is black. If you work with Bill Jacobs, you have to stick by his side, track his steps exactly, as he lets you follow one of our best microbiologists to stay and wait and repeat the same kind of head-bud mechanical manual. Tunnel vision. It's genetic. And yet Jacobs never ends speed, even in his "hot" lab. Even in the real life of the bag.

The bag's name is *Mycobacterium tuberculosis* TB. It floats. It's airborne. One lone bag is enough to make you sick, so the lab is designed to keep the bags trapped inside large clear hood-like any escaping bags get sucked through powerful filters and blasted away from human lungs with pressurized air. This is where Jacobs makes the genetic code of the bag's revolutionary techniques that he created. He defines some genes, updates others. It's where Jacobs is learning how to save us, to cure us. Millions of us.

I watched Jacobs "open up" He pulled a white Tyvek suit over his polo shirt and pants. He covered his red, very nose with a surgical mask. I could tell he was growing underneath his mask. He looked like a square dance caller about to open his house for services. Jacobs opened the fume door. Air whooshed into the hot part of the lab. He walked inside. Then remained his left arm into a blackboard container brimming with pathogens.

THIS IS A STORY about persistence—the bag's and ours and Bill Jacobs's. Ours is a mix of will, a mix of choice. But the bag has no will and no choice. Only genetics, a mix of random chemical needs. Human filter, human bag control. The bag can only live or die.

The bag's first task is to die. Bill Jacobs and others like him choose to spend their lives trying to kill it.

The bag is a cloud of proteins in a twisted way (it's *Mycobacterium* stick your nose into a billion of the bags, you would smell dirty, sticky, sticky. But in the weeks for millions of years, the bag fought other bags in the soil, in the earth itself, and it won and won and won. The weak protein died, the strong survived. Evolution. The bag found a host. On humans. And the bag must have liked its new soil, because it stopped our lungs with lesions and filled our throats with blood, persisting inside our bodies, infiltrating and dividing within the very cells that we want to kill it. Sometimes escaping the lungs to infect our brains and nerves or joints and our bones from the inside. The bag killed a billion of us in the last two centuries alone, and we know it through a persistence of our own, to kill it and kill it and kill it.

Then we released.

We stopped learning, because the tip end of human persistence is a very opinion. Inevitably we tend to forget that once a problem is solved with dramatic and heroic action, it doesn't stay solved without hard and unrelenting work.



Jacobs's chemistry and other researchers in the TB center after Jacobs' time and Jacobs' time, under Jacobs' TB, and Jacobs' research.

So the bag persisted. And here in the 19th, very few of us noticed. Until one day a modern American lawyer named Andrew Speaker got an airplane with his best American wife and a handful of drug-resistant tuberculosis.

SON IS POWERFUL. The bag already knows this, but it's something Bill Jacobs had to learn.

Jacobs loves telling this story because it's about other stuff. Nobody expects a man like him, but this is a man who did Jacobs. As he tells it, he was just hanging out at the Bronx Zoo one day, checking out the lions and the bears, when he got this sudden urge in front of the men. He rushed over to the bear, picked up a lump of dirt and dirt, got the dirt off the dirt and dirt in his pants pocket and took it back to his lab a few miles away at the Albert Einstein College of Medicine.

Jacobs was looking for a weird little creature called a bacteriophage, a virus that can infect bacteria. He thought he could use the



phage to learn about TB—and maybe, ultimately, to create a new and better vaccine. But that was like a twenty-eight step away. Anyone staring at a young, dirty Jacobs, a spitting a pocketful of dirt into a pile in his lab, would have thought he was crazy. Phages? What the hell did phages have to do with a vaccine? Phages were so obscure within an already obscure field. Jacobs didn't have

a grant to look for phages. No two dollars, no private word.

Why not?

Because science is not some blind dual mining birds from an urban zoo.

Okay, but Jacobs had been hearing that ever since he was a kid. What science was, and, more crucially, what a scientist looked like. And he didn't look like one. The doctor came from the right place, didn't go to the right school, couldn't save his skin, and Jacobs knew it was true. He couldn't deny it, he could only pretend off. As a kid, he spoke in gibberish like his teachers couldn't



Miru Kim Takes Pictures

[By Colby Buzzell]

(+) "Freedom Tunnel Shining"

In an Aesthetics tunnel under Riverside Park in New York City, Miru Kim strikes a strong, long, loose pose created for this piece.



BEST AND BRIGHTEST 2007:

BY TWENTY-SIX, MIRU KIM HAS PHOTOGRAPHED
TUNNELS IN INDUSTRIAL SPACES AND SOMEWHERE ELSE.
WITH THE WORLD'S BEST AND BRIGHTEST ALL
THE TIME, SHE'S BEEN A
PHOTOGRAPHER FOR A FEW YEARS. BY STEVE JOHNSON

It started in a cavernous basement in Berlin. **Miru Kim** loves abandoned, forbidding, frightening places. She was shooting, but something was missing. "I wanted to put something else in there. A living thing."

S

HE'S SMALL AND NAKED

and hairless, and all around her is hard, cold, sharp, and dirty, and everything is in ruins.

We're in some dark tunnel somewhere under New York City when we suddenly hear it creaking from around the bend. Her clothes are in a pile, and she's standing there in the middle of the train track and she yells, "Oh, shit!" and someone here/there/out of the way while her sister grabs the cameras and in a split second we're under a mortar in a tick, and the three of us run to the side of the tunnel and crouch down in the fetal position against the wall as less than twenty feet away the train thunders by.

When it passes, Miru Kim quietly gets up, curls herself off, looks in the image the digital camera captured right when the train shrank up, and appears to be very pleased with the shot.

Her sister gets dressed, casually looks around, and suggests the three of us go further down the tunnel and set up at a different location.

The only light in this tunnel is coming from the streetlights high above and to the side, and we only have a couple hours of darkness down here before it gets

completely dark. I can't see shit, and all I'm thinking about is dirty hands needed. I don't know what I'm expecting, so we continue walking deeper into the tunnel. I could have stopped on a body for all I know.

Mina has some serious dead-body issues while exploring these abandoned, and I'm curious if it's ever been really weirded that she's like, "uh-huh, yep, yep." She says she carries no weapons—no pepper spray, no Taser, no knife—what she does do is, but the fact that she gets completely naked in her delirium, in a very burned-out body to hurt anyone. "When these about it, if you're some woman naked in an abandoned building, it's kind of scary," she says.

She then tells me a story about how she went down there—abandoned train tunnel, and she came across a cool-looking section that she wanted to photograph, but the problem was there was a guy there who was taking up that particular space so she really

was sleeping and she didn't want to wake him up, so when she went back—again, by herself—to that exact spot and he was no longer there, she set up her tripod, camera, took her clothes off, and started taking nude photos of herself, and "he came in while I was doing this, he came in while I was taking photos of myself. I was totally alone, and this guy just completely walked in. I was so scared. That was probably the scariest moment. I saw a figure coming through the tunnel, and he didn't have a flashlight or anything, just it was completely dark. So I saw this dark figure coming toward me, then I saw that it was just this old guy who looked pretty harmless, he just lived there. So I dressed up and explained to him what I was doing—"I'm doing an art project, sorry to bother you"—you know? Because it's like, "uh-huh, you know?" So I told him, and he didn't say much, he was just standing there like, "okay." So I took all my clothes again

and did it in front of him and he was kind of sitting in the picture, so I was like, "Do you mind moving forward out of the picture, please?" And he was just sitting around watching, so I did nothing, then dressed up. It was really filthy, smelly, real smelly, smelled like urine, and I was wiping all with baby wipes, and the guy walked, "Do you want me to go down off?" He looked probably stony or so, I'm sure he's younger than he looks, and really skinny. He was really nice. Afterward, we were sitting around talking about his life. He kept on talking about others in town, and that he likes it down there because it's quiet. I told him I liked that, too. And then he was like, "Let me walk you out." He thanked me for trespassing like a regular person."

Mina is twenty-six. She says she's an artist, not a photographer. Usually does this alone, but her older sister, Seung-Jung, is with us today because we needed a ride, since Mina doesn't

own a car. But Mina decided she wanted a model, and Seung-Jung would come in handy for that, too. Earlier that day when I showed up at NewPlace down in the Wall Street area of Manhattan, she was just getting prints made of some of her photos, but her sister was here to let me in.

"They're Seungs, and when she opens the door, I saw that she has a short cut, and when I saw the picture of about how on the floor of the tunnel, I ask if I should take a picture of her feet coming. "That's horrible the story—You know, and she's been a couple days since I've changed my socks, and when I took a screenshot, I placed my backpack over my foot hoping that would somehow cover up the feet, but then when she crawled open the window, I had a feeling that it didn't quite work."

When I'm into by tomorrow about my trip, she asks me if I ever make fun of people I write about, or both sides. I don't really think I do, but I could maybe see how somebody might think so, and I'm wondering if he thinks I might do something like due to Mina, which is really I didn't plan on doing.

Why? I ask.

She tells me that she's just curious.

I tell her that I've always had a thing for abandoned buildings and tunnels. Like whenever I walk past the boarded-up and locked Hibernia Bank in San Francisco, I always stop and take a look at it and try to figure out a way to break in to that thing at night just to explore. I would like pictures, but I would not remove my clothing. But I am not an artist.

She then explains to me a little bit about how Mina got involved in all this, and she uses a term that I've never heard before: "urban explorer." She says that they're people who explore tunnels and abandoned buildings. They are really hardcore about it. And that there's an actual scene. Mina's an urban explorer.

She then goes on to tell me about how the previous night she went out with one of their friends—that guy named Steve—who's like the urban explorer all-star. It was like twenty-something, they got drunk and went to the New York City on the big 3-4, he wanted to do something he'd never done before, which was climb to the top of the Brooklyn Bridge, the only bridge in New York that Steve has never climbed.

So she and Steve got to the Brooklyn Bridge, climb to the top. After a short while, they climb down. She told me that while they're on the bridge.

I ask if they got caught. She tells me no, but since they got down, they did notice a bunch of helicopters flying all around.

She tells me that even though Mina wasn't really an explorer growing up, she was always somewhat "adventurous" and never really paid too much attention to whether something was legal or illegal. What just was it.

This may have something to do with the fact that Mina came to the United States from Seoul when she was thirteen and was kind of on her own, living at a boarding school in Massachusetts—it was a hard adjustment. After that, she ended up in Columbus, studied art at Pratt.

Mina arrives, she dressed all in black, and she looks so much

“Glenwood Pipe Nest”

Left: Unattended (the Glenwood Glenwood power plant on the Hudson River near Yonkers, New York, is just the kind of industrial ruin that Mina is drawn to.



BEST AND BRIGHTEST 2007:
FRANZISKA MICHOR, Ph.D., Immunobiology
Department, University of Chicago, Chicago, Illinois
Principal Scientist, Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center

The Isaac Newton of Biology

Franziska Michor will object to that characterization, but history may not

[By Tom Junod]

Photographs by Wyatt Gallery



CANCER IS PRETTY SMART. You'd think it wouldn't be—you think, really, it should be pretty dumb, given that it originates in a single cell, that behaves passively, in comparison with all the cells around it. On the surface, a healthy cell is a lot smarter than a cancer cell; a healthy cell learns order to work, through a system of complicated cues and

intricate cellular mechanisms, with the rest of the cells in the body, or it learns to die. A cancer cell, by comparison, is the least common denominator; it doesn't learn anything—it just wants to grow and proliferate. But a cancer cell is smart: cancer evolution is smart. Evolution that is that just want to grow and proliferate, so it shares, with the rest of cells, its body of knowledge, its arsenal of tricks. Sure, cancer's pretty dumb when it starts out as a single cell with a single genetic mutation. But by the time it's grown big enough, popular enough, to become apparent—in show upon a host in some lung or, heaven forbid, in brain—it's genius, much, because it's gone through a sequence of mutations, and with each mutation it's learned something about evading the body's defenses. And now it just has to evade medicine's. Which brings us to the question: Is medicine smart? And if it isn't—if it isn't quite smart enough, even with all the diagnostic genius that hu-

manity has poured into it—what can we do to make it smarter? Which brings us to Dr. Franziska Michor.

FRANZISKA MICHOR IS PRETTY SMART, TOO. If it takes a conspiracy sequence of ten or seven mutations to produce lethally intelligent cancer, consider how many random events have to line up to produce a woman who is, in no particular order: a) twenty-five years old;

b) a shy sort of thing, about a hundred pounds;

c) employed by the department of computational biology at Sloan-Kettering, the cancer hospital and research center in New York;

d) equipped with a Ph.D. in evolutionary biology from Harvard, which she earned at twenty-two;

e) determined to change the way modern medicine deals with cancer, so that it may truly be called modern;

f) disarmingly charming in her personification of the dried word, cancer, which twists her lips and shows her teeth and becomes, contrast, a German noun delivered at once lightly and lightly, with a smugness—as she effervesces enough—that emphasis, in charmingly deflating, her youth, her blond beauty, her occasional awkwardness, and her supreme confidence; and

g) learned to drive to wherever is her native Austria.

Okay, the last item shows that perhaps not everything is random. Franziska is the daughter on the paternal side, of Professor Peter Michor, a mathematician who is one of the world's foremost practitioners



BEST AND BRIGHTEST 2007:
ANDY DILLIN, 31, SALK INSTITUTE,
molecular biology, James D. Watson

No One Wants to Live Forever

But we would like to be young for as long as we live. **Andy Dillin** and his team at the Salk Institute are making that dream come true.

[By Tom Junod]



ANDY DILLIN IS A YOUNG MAN. He is thirty-one years old, and he is just getting started.

He works as a molecular biologist and geneticist at the Salk Institute in La Jolla, California. Over the past year, he has published three papers that have received a lot of attention and that seem to bring closer to reality the possibility that humans will one day be able to, in his words, "change the aging process."

Changing the aging process means three different things. The first thing that's gotten the most attention is the possi-

bility of increasing life span. The thing by which Dillin practices his work in the here and now is the possibility that his work may lead to treatments for such age-related diseases as Alzheimer's, cancer, and diabetes. And the thing that gets Dillin most excited—and most philosophical—is the possibility that by addressing age-related diseases, he is addressing something else entirely: youthfulness.

For many decades, science's understanding of aging has been on a slow-motion path, talking about aging for the same reason that even now it has trouble talking about youthfulness. Science has been unwilling about things it can't measure in a lab. And because the aging process in humans has even more holes to plug, science's understanding of aging was based on observation rather than experiment. As a result, what Dillin calls the "prevailing dogma" grew up around aging: Creatures grow old because they wear out over time. Cells grow old because they wear out over time. Aging was simply an accidental state of abuse. It was something the body did; rather, it was something the body had done to it.

There were even chicken-and-egg questions about the relationship between aging and the diseases associated with it. Given that anyone who gets old enough will develop cancer or diabetes or heart disease or Alzheimer's, maybe aging did not exist in and of itself but was instead their product of disease.

What changed the understanding of aging was a worm. Granted, it was very special worm—a worm bred in a model for studies of cell development by Sydney Brenner, who won the Nobel Prize in 2002. Still, it was a worm, a roundworm, or nematode, called *C. elegans*. It was small, it was focused, it stood up well to laboratory manipulation, and, best of all, kept to living and dying over with its own clock.

Then, in the early '80s, a scientist at the University of California at San Francisco, Cynthia Kenyon, demonstrated the influence of genes on aging by creating one *C. elegans* gene and doubling the worm's life span. One gene, twice the life. A few years later, Andy Dillin was back in Kenyon's lab and was struck there—in his own—by the

fact that what seemed the most profound manipulation of an organism's life span was really just a matter of single genes.

When Dillin came to Salk five years ago, he was determined to find out how the longevity pathway that Kenyon discovered actually worked. "It was an amazing—amazing pathway," he says, "and so it opened a lot of things for me then: longevity, the growth and diabetes. I wanted to find out how it specifically affected longevity, and if it could affect longevity without affecting the other things. I figured it would take my team closer to a secret." Tested, he found a specific protein in the insulin-receptor pathway, henceforth called the "longevity protein"—three years later, at the age of thirty-five.

Around the same time, he identified a gene that accounts for the increase in longevity of animals on diet restriction. This sounds extreme, but it's not. In fact, scientists have known for a long time that animals whose caloric intake is 30 or 40 percent less than normal live much longer than animals that eat as much as they want. The problem is that very few animals would volunteer to push themselves toward starvation in order to extend their lives, notwithstanding the fact a few thousand or so have in captivity done just that. What Dillin lab did, however, was to identify the gene responsible for the increases in longevity associated with diet restriction. It was called FHS-4, but in the press it became the "longevity gene" because, as Kenyon said, "it made diet restriction work, and when you stepped up, it made that restriction unnecessary. In particular, it allowed the animals to make a bet: the hope that one day a treatment would be developed that would



► Dillin feels colleague cells Dillin's most successful young scientist in the world

> Dillin has pinpointed a compound that enables cells to function better and deter aging.

enable us to enjoy the benefits of diet restriction while in that category as much as we desire well please.

It didn't end there. At around the same time, Dillin also discovered that when he extended the lives of his worms, he made them immune to Alzheimer's.

Dillin revealed these results in three papers published in the space of one year, beginning in 2006. It was a startling achievement—a scientist at Salk calls him the most successful young scientist in the world—but even a news of this accomplishment moved first in the scientific press to the mainstream media, his philosophy made much easier to sell than a gene, because, as Kenyon said, "it made diet restriction work, and when you stepped up, it made that restriction unnecessary. In particular, it allowed the animals to make a bet: the hope that one day a treatment would be developed that would

say that, by his own accounting, lives "not eat, and reproduce, and that's about it." There would be an incredible jump in complexity from worms to men. At the same time, most of the genes found in *C. elegans* are also found in humans; the longevity protein and the longevity gene are structurally so different in worms and in people. And over the past year, Dillin's lab has undertaken an enormous effort in the difficulty of replicating experimental results in man.

So here is where the questions of youthfulness come up. Youthfulness is what Dillin suspects is making the worms resistant to Alzheimer's. It is not that the effects of the disease are being blocked by a specific agent, but that cellular functioning has been locked into a higher gear for the duration of life.

One of the papers Dillin has yet to publish has to do with a compound—a drug—found by his lab that also makes the worms resistant to Alzheimer's. The lab did not set out to find a drug; it intended to find a research tool that would allow him to investigate the insulin-signaling and FHS-4 pathways without having to mutate any genes, which can't return to normal. He had one of the research assistants working in his lab test a series of compounds found in nature, and was surprised to find one that prevents the Alzheimer's symptoms from effectively shutting down the mutated genes. The compound also seemed to extend the life span of the worms, although Dillin doesn't yet know exactly how it works. Once he informed the Salk Institute what his lab had found, Salk improved upon



IDEAS THAT WILL CHANGE THE WORLD



The Pollution Magnet

> Even in their thousands, the mosquitoes in Bangladesh every year, many die by toxic pollutants. Building upon her discovery of a way to get rid of mosquitoes by feeding them, Vaid Cohen has developed a new, eco-friendly way to do this: the water supply. South's mosquito magnet is a robot of oil and life, which breaks down the next day into water and pesticides. But before the mosquitoes can feed, they are exposed to the next covered magnet in a petri dish. The system is up to a hundred times more effective than existing methods, and requires no electricity or insecticide. In addition, it even the poorest of villages can use it.

Depending upon government regulations, Cohen's invention system could be used in as few as five years. Unfortunately, Cohen, a professor of chemistry and chemical and molecular engineering at Rice University, has bigger plans. She sees her method as just the first step in creating an entire web of water supply systems that would cover virtually every pollutant. The filter would have a dipstick to tell you what's in the water and a meter to tell you just what you need to add to put it out—perhaps even some pesticides or a protein to capture pesticides.

—CHRISTINE ALONSO



It's Ten O'Clock. Do You Know Where Your Network President Is?

Ben Silverman, the brash, hard-partying new head of NBC Entertainment, says and does the things a TV executive isn't supposed to say and do—and that may be just what it takes to resurrect his last-place network

[By Matthew Belloni]

Photographs by Chris McPherson

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B.J. Novak of *The Office* and *Karen Bowden* from *30 Rock* stand respectfully in a line waiting down the block. Inside, *30 Rock*—where mostly ignored, largely unwatched *30 Rock* will win the Emmy for best comedy tomorrow night—is engaged in what the *Deadline* news level requires: one-to-one and sharp, observational dialogue. Her co-star Alec Baldwin is holding court to begin, though he seems distracted. He's doing this thing with his eyes—a quick glance across the room, then another, then a crisscross stare. In the Pro-Not-Looking look, it is reflected at the tell, skin figure fronting a sea of women near the desert bar Ben Silverman, the recently appointed thirty-seven-year-old head of NBC Entertainment, Bold with new hair.

Tonight's massive audience for madly followed-in Silverman, a former producer and agent whose close relationships with talent and unsavory 24/7 lifestyle are as integral to his success as his knack for developing hit shows. But Ben Silverman is unimpressed. "This is nothing, man," he says, dabbing sweat from his forehead toward the conclusion

of a month-long one-hour tour through nearly everyone who has made it inside. "This is just another party. Mine's a corporate thing. But not a 'last night...' " He's referring to the private party—ringed by the hotel's with some big-name producers in attendance—the Hollywood Hills to celebrate the twenty-five Emmy nominations awarded to him by the network he took over last year. (He said, he says, to demonstrate that the cool kids now hang with NBC.) The formal party is a stand-bites-chickens dancing on rails in the pool, the Hilton clover, and soaked white against the entryway. "It was sick," says Silverman, who greeted his son handed position to over Dolce & Gabbana suit and that the place down around 300 a.m. "You looked around and saw so many beautiful women. But then you looked closer and it was a big, big, that's really done. See what I mean? Just a totally sick party."

SILVERMAN'S WACKY PARTY is an effort to make the Big Four networks (ABC, CBS, NBC, and Fox) are all struggling to redefine their business as the *reps* audience they once considered common to scatter among cable channels and the Web. It has closed down to spend one night to make shows that rise above the clutter (and to fill out their lineup with cheaper reality shows instead of reruns) but while the cost of running a network has never been higher, ratings hit historic lows this spring and summer. At last night's session, the combined median age of the prime-time audience of ABC, CBS, and NBC rose for the first time in fifty years old. NBC, to borrow the tide from one of Silverman's own shows, is the *Biggest Loser* (it has finished fourth for three straight years, a sharp rise has not corporate power. It's about a billion dollars in ad sales



culture

BEST AND BRIGHTEST 2007:
 MAJAMARL DOUGLAS, TIM MAXWELL, 42A,
 COMMAND OF THE U.S. MARINE CORPS, FLETC,
 ROBERTA MARTINEZ, MARINE, 40, CAMP LEONARD,
 FORT LEONARD, TEXAS

Wounded Battalion

Tim Maxwell did six combat tours over the years before he lost some of his brain in Iraq. He couldn't command warriors anymore, so he created something new: a barracks, which became a regiment of wounded marines like himself.

[By Mike Sager]
 Photographs by Eugene Richards



INGO AND WILDMAN are kicked at with Jo Jo, Max's dog, and the rest of the three dogs in the room at Maxwell Hall where who should come through the hatch but the old man himself, Lieutenant Colonel Tim Maxwell, the guy for whom the barracks was named.

Thick shouldered and square jawed, Maxwell is dressed in his digital camouflage—the leaves of his name called clearly to members, the trapper cuffs band of severely around the shafts of his sand-colored combat boots—the uniform of the day aboard Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. Forty-two years old with nine-two years in (you're-there-if-you-count ROTC) Maxwell did five deployments overseas without a scratch. Then one afternoon in 2004, three months into his stretch, war the southern Iraq town

of Iskandariyah, he decided to take a power nap—three minutes after close. He'd heard about it somewhere. More leaders through history had done the same, a short pause to no doubt.

Now he passes just inside the door of Maxwell Hall and looks around, noting his slightly crooked smile—the right side of his face still lit up in a grin one back or a night out, it is in no way to produce. The room has been recently repainted, the windows replaced, the new carpet a dark tone—the workers have moved onto the fitness center next door. On July 4th Outside, the temperature and the humidity are both in the high 90s. Three frogs bark, croaking sing their head or summer song in the lush and tangled undergrowth. In here it is air-conditioned, a cool 69 degrees. A couple dozen enlisted men and NCOs are hanging out—doing a light ball, playing Call of Duty on some Xbox 360, watching a wide movie on the big flat-screen TV. One group is huddled together at a doctor's office—marines cheer, talking smack, scribbling, working papers to be delivered when they can get their afternoon pain meds, which need to be taken with food. (The chow hall is just across the way. Nobody eats there, even though the cost of meals is deducted from their pay, which runs about \$1,700 a month for a corporal, \$1,300 for a private.) A couple of the guys are talking about the new leaflet to be sent out with their mouth and open screaming loud enough to interrupt the dialogue of the movie, *Dirty Harry*, about confining high school boys in the affluent suburbs. Two more guys have come in mess jackets, face masks like something from Star Trek, the form of which is truly suitable beneath the man in the house. Disappointed by this assembly of young men, most of them in their late teens and early twenties, most of them damaged beyond full repair. In conversation, Maxwell calls them "my warbles." He has a thick, old-school drawl that he picked up from some mysterious corner of his home when he began to recover his speech after the injury. In fact, he was born in Ohio.

Maxwell spots the guy he's looking for, moves in that direction, his gut powerful but unsure, like Chatty the bulldog with a limp. He has a strong jaw and piercing blue eyes, there is a large scar on the left side of his head, a ropey pink question mark that runs like an ancient scar over the ridge line of his left eye and right military haircut. His hair is graying and looking over his nose, his chin seems to be a question mark—something he never to hold the little feet in the back yard for his son, he had to keep revealing each step of the direction over and over again. He tells his daughter to put refrigerator on her ramp and which. He refers to the airport as "the place where people come to fly" and to Bessie's, where he once served, as "that country in Africa." His heroism, he kept a painful secret as to not to stain his last deployment, as "that problem with your nuts." He calls the family's new dog "Mighty" instead of Mischief. It took him a month to get



to us? Why I'm doing what we were made to do.

And even if you don't believe that—if instead you believe in God's miraculous plan, or you believe we shouldn't make pumpkins grow inside tomatoes, or if you believe that the law of conservation makes this idea too many—you probably still count someone you loved among those who have died from cancer, and if you happen to be from Tennessee or Virginia, you almost certainly count someone you loved among those who have died from malaria. In that dark moment, watching them die, their last

breath rattling inside their former selves, engaged bloodsties, the chances are very high that you would have done anything to save them. Chances are that you would not let foul just that instant, that you would make any deal, pay any price.

And now here you are, sitting on a park bench on a beautiful, gorgeous morning, basking in good sun who has a good friend and who is surrounded by good people who want to do good things, and who finish by reminding you of what you said. You said any deal, remember? You said any price.

Editors

Deborah
Kenny

A Mad scientist would not have dreamed to create urban education in New York City. And hundreds of lives have changed.



SPRING TIME with Deborah Kenny and you can't miss anything. One day her name will be engraved in bronze. As we climb the stairs to the fourth floor at 85 St. Peter Street, she points out where the steel third floor of Bush once hung in the waiting to wait for Representative Charles Rangel to catch up with the President and the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee had come to visit. History became the topic educational studies.

We walk through the doors into the top floor and enter Helen Keller Academy. The school, which she opened in 2000, The 8th floor from the lower floors, which houses a typically school is stark. The walls are white. It seems brighter up here. Another classroom is already divided into three rooms, each with its own, richly decorated, and no two alike. As she takes you to a four-year university, she explains the difference—across all disciplines in their claims, to respect each other's views. Students speak in complete sentences. The classroom has names—Duke, Duke's class, and her name. The students are not even divided, and they are not divided.

In six years, Kenny's vision has grown into a school where children with the name of Helen Keller Academy, located in New York, promote where a massive poverty that this kind of education. The numbers show that a concerning study locally says that for severely disabled students in around 30 percent. At HKA, the rate is a stunning 96 percent. Kenny says, kids are better than the same kids and prefer to learn themselves. They are able to move on to higher education, proving that poverty and disabled children are responsible to a quality education. How does a white woman, who is blind, become and up teaching the change for radical education in Harlem?

It all started with a young, healthy boy with Down syndrome who lived in Harlem. Just seen in their late thirties, with these kids and a real life in their suburbs. One

day he completed a business, and eight years later he was out from his former. Kenny with her former Kenny right, decided to turn the howling cry into something positive. Calling at 9:30 a.m. to visit any time later. She decided to use her education skills, and tried to help people who need it the most.

She had earned a Ph.D. in comparative international education from Columbia and taught public school in three states. But inspired by the systemic failures she encountered, she left for the corporate world, where she became vice president of an office for the surrounding group at Time Warner and then head of the same. Great. But when she decided that Village Academies, she knew she would utilize the business side of her background in the teaching side. She developed a business plan, a development bureaucracy and heavily funded by back from the nation's top leadership and accountability.

Unfolding her schools, Kenny strives to promote urban education. Her emphasis is on teaching critical thinking, not standard test results. As she says, students are not just memorizing facts and numbers. Kenny and her staff used a rapid response approach to help children stay on course. If there is a learning emergency in the classroom, they don't wait. It is because she knows that is the business of saving.

Science work



HEARTIER RACON

Racon isn't a word. Racon? Are you breathing heavily? Racon? Fumbling vaguely with your gender? Racon? I could tell you about a model named Racon all night long. All right. And so you can try to find out more about a bring good news. A prophet by the name of J. King, who moonlights as an associate professor at Harvard Medical School, has essentially turned what was once a bad word into a good one that produces omega-3 fatty acids. That's the heavenly fat, the fat found in fish, that that actually prevents and treats cardiac arrhythmia and arterial inflammation.

It works like this: King says a gene from roundworms that naturally transforms omega-3 acids—associated with heart attacks and Alzheimer's—into omega-3 acids. He learned with it a bit so that it would function in a mammal, then injected it into a pig to enjoy through the magic of genetic engineering, and voila! Racon.

Well, maybe before we dig out, there are a lot of question marks. How low will our bodies react to these new-fangled fats? How long will it take the wonder bacon to get FDA approval? Could be worse! And, perhaps most important, once it does, will bacon still taste like bacon? Well, I'll stick the grease, off the fingers and wash back in my chair with a postcard sign on my back: I'm Racon. On that note, I hope so. —BENJAMIN PERC

these kids, of providing them with future. The other part of the NA model is a solid code of behavior. Kenny explains that this discipline—along with intensive home visits, respectability in class—inspired with kids. Kids are given a list, but they have to pull their weight. The Waite is a balance of rights (the Waite is every child's right) and responsibilities (Education is the full-time job).

Kenny puts much effort into recruiting top young teachers who share her passion. Last year, she called thousands of applicants for eight new positions. After staff on-site, a kind of a day education—many had eight or more years of experience. But they also shared their ambitions. Kenny gives them a considerable amount of freedom (to incorporate accountability. She wants her staff to live as long as they can in their careers).

We move out to the playground for recess. Kids in full education play under an adult teacher that seems to be in the place of a teacher. They are the friends of school. Kids are playing until about 10:30 a.m. and then they move. And they are instructed to line up with a teacher. Kids are playing in the hallways, with the help of Kenny and her staff. They are laughing and playing. Kids in full education in the American Dream. You have to experience more for others in this life. —THOMAS KELLY



Occam's
Oilman

Four ways to solve the energy crisis. Four reasons why **Gal Luft** is the most hated man in Riyadh, Detroit, and Des Moines



HOW HEARTY ALL THE TIME

We've got to reduce our dependence on foreign oil. It's a matter of national security. That's what they're saying. But the solutions that get offered—drilling in ANWR, mandating better automobile fuel efficiency, pushing ethanol—don't really solve anything. They're politically infeasible, too expensive, or contrary to free-market forces. They're losers.

Energy independence advocate Gal Luft looks for winners. The former "Petroleum Column" in the *Wall Street Journal* and counterterrorism expert fervently believes that the only way to make America able to make it energy independent. And so to recognize director of the Institute for Analysis of Global Security and co-founder of the *Real American Free Market*, he has set out to do just that.

Luft advises Congress and security companies. He brags industrial and environmental groups. Not what you would expect from a security specialist. He doesn't peddle pie-in-the-sky political promises. He's a realist. He has a simple plan: free America from the grip of foreign oil. And he wants to do it now. At night on four steps he says we can—and should—lose today. —TOM HERTZMAN



1. Make gasoline-only cars illegal

Every gas-powered car has an average useful life of seven to ten years. Which means that the minute you leave the lot, you're signing up for two decades of foreign dependence. The easiest way to change this is to mandate that every vehicle sold in the U.S. is flex-fuel compatible so that it can run on just about any blend of hydrocarbon-based fuels—gasoline, ethanol, methanol, etc. The technology already exists and the process is cheap: about a hundred dollars per vehicle. Detroit will cry about government interference, but in fact the mandate would open a vast new free market in alternative fuel development.



2. Kill the Iowa caucuses

Here's the first thing you'll hear if you're a candidate who wants Iowa to decide: Where do you stand on ethanol? Why is this a problem? Because the ethanol lobby has managed to place huge tariffs on ethanol produced abroad while freeing out the development of other alternative fuels at home. It portrays itself as the sort of savior the domestic solution to our reliance on foreign oil, but it really just protects a tiny number of middle-class corn farmers. Anyone who thinks other wise bear in mind: Even if every single kernel of corn grown in America were converted to ethanol, it would still only replace about 12 percent of America's gasoline requirement.



3. Think of the world in terms of sugarcane

America hasn't been very good about making friends in the Middle East lately, but there are still a few countries in Latin America, Africa, and Southeast Asia that like us. And many of them, such as Panama, Kenya, and Thailand, grow sugarcane from which you can make ethanol at half the cost of making it from corn. We should direct foreign aid throughout the agricultural sector in these countries to increase their efficiency and create jobs. That will make them happy and it will improve our national security. They'll be our friends forever. Unlike the OPEC nations.



4. Revolutionize waste

Sixty-five percent of our garbage is biomass: food, paper, scrap wood. All of it could be converted to methanol. The process has been around for two hundred years. And it's twice as efficient as oil-based ethanol, supposedly the next best thing in alternative fuels. Then there's coal—America has a quarter of the world's reserves, but we use it mainly to feed power plants, which is a dirty and inefficient use. Instead, coal can be converted to clean-burning methanol for the equivalent of one dollar per gallon (well, back to methanol, like black liquor, a toxic byproduct of the paper industry. Right now paper mills inefficiently recycle themselves. But black liquor can be converted to methanol. So we could use wood-pulp mill waste, millions of gallons of methanol a year—almost twice the ethanol we now make from corn).

Actually, none of these

These are only four of many common-sense opportunities throughout the economy, but we're not taking advantage of them, because these isn't a sustainable market for alternative fuels. Yet, which brings us back to step one: free fuel technology. Get that and the other three will take care of themselves. There will be still opposition from the oil, corn, and auto lobbies. There always is. But let's hope that Washington can step up for a change. Because once you take politics out of the energy policy you get very different—and much better—results.

BEST AND BRIGHTEST 2007:
JAMES ZIMMERMAN, JR., AND JESSA WILKINS, JR.,
FOUNDERS, BILLBOARD AND ADVERTISING LAB,
CREATIVE ADVERTISING LABS



Graffiti Research Lab

They build tools of subversion and mass dissent. Like a giant graffiti laser. And throwable lights. It's street art gone high tech. And the start of a whole new movement.



GRAFFITI RESEARCH LAB'S goal is to put the tools of communication and creative subversion into as many hands as possible. So far this mission is being partially met with the launch of the Billboards and Advertising Lab, a creative advertising lab that bills itself as the first of its kind and the first to be founded by a graffiti artist.

They have a laser regular that they use to "tag" skyscrapers and other structures, like the Brooklyn Bridge. They also have a laser that they use to tag the side of a building, like the side of a building in New York City. They also have a laser that they use to tag the side of a building, like the side of a building in New York City.



culture

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HOW TO START YOUR OWN GRAFFITI RESEARCH LAB

STATIONS THAT HAVE BEEN LABORATORY IN THE PAST, BUT NOW, TRY TO MAKE IT SEEM MORE LIKE A RESEARCH STATION.



STEP 1:

However, any identity that is used to create the image is not a reflection of the person who created it. It is a reflection of the person who created it. It is a reflection of the person who created it. It is a reflection of the person who created it.

STEP 2:

Step 2: The person who created the image is not a reflection of the person who created it. It is a reflection of the person who created it. It is a reflection of the person who created it. It is a reflection of the person who created it.



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Billboard Labs, created by James Zimmerman, Jr. and Jessa Wilkins, Jr.

Sort by: Relevance

29
ENGLISH
YEAR 10

—Nominating each some principal
Karen Polunin

Cotton shirt (\$49.95), silk tie (\$19.95), and wool trousers (pair) of suit, \$2,299.50 by Saks & Fifth Avenue; leather jacket (style) by Traveler, \$149.95; steel Casio Twin-Time automatic watch with alligator strap (\$22,000) by D&G Nexus.



17. FIFTH-
GRADE TEACHER

"I've been doing this for twenty-eight years, and teachers like him just don't come around all that often. For him, it's not just a job—he thinks about his students 24/7. I'll send him an e-mail at 11:00 at night, and he'll e-mail me right back. He makes sure that nothing stands in the way of them reaching their full potential, and that passion alone makes him extraordinary."

—Newman principal Randolph A. Ford

Contestant: **Giuseppe Antonio Calabrese**, 1911
 Ordo: **Giorgio Amato**



CARLOS LORA | 26, SPANISH TEACHER | Young Women's Leadership School in Manhattan

"We work in an all-girls school that's primarily for women of color, and last year we had the highest graduation rate—90 percent—in New York City. Carlos is known for using his humor as a way to connect with kids. He's funny, telling the kinds of corny jokes that your old uncle would maybe tell, and the kids adore him. In a large way, I think they care about him because he's a man of color who hasn't abandoned them. So many inner-city families are broken up when the men in their lives take off, and Carlos hasn't done that, and he won't." —Networking college counselor Chris Fenner

Carson shirt (\$250) by Ralph Lauren; Black Label tie (\$150) and second trousers (part of suit, \$1,000), both by Ralph Lauren.

TADASHI DOZONO

28, SOCIAL-STUDIES TEACHER | New Design High School in Manhattan

"You know how 19 to 35 percent of new teachers leave the system after a year? And then a third of the teachers say they'll leave after three years? And then in some places, it's like half leave after five years? Tadashi is the exact opposite. Over the years, he's committed himself more and more to making this his life, and he's made himself into a teacher leader."

—Networking principal Dr. Scott Condi

Carson shirt (\$250) by Ralph Lauren; Black Label tie (\$150) and second trousers (part of suit, \$1,000), both by Ralph Lauren.



MARIO FANELLI

EDWARD EBERHART
Senior High
School in Illinois

"We have a diverse community of students who speak many different languages, and Marro has responded by not only teaching them in a way that helps them learn and develop their English by bringing literacy strategies into their lessons, but also by giving them the tools they need to succeed and be giving it to them."

Nevenstovitch, principal
Valerie E. Brownlee

Online only. Order by 11:59 a.m. the day before delivery. Taxes and fees apply. © 2010 by Amazon.com, Inc. or its affiliates. All rights reserved.

MICHAEL WOLACH

24. ENGLISH-LITERATURE TEACHER: Jif Chang, Jr. Transfer High School in the Bronx

"He's got what I call the teacher gene, and that can't be taught. He's always thinking about how to engage kids on their own terms, whether they have a supportive home. He or have children of their own and are struggling to make ends meet. He takes the time to get to know his students and meets each of them where they're at."

—Nominating principal Anne Fennelly

Wool vest and wool trousers (part of suit)
\$995 by Saks Black
online at \$330
by Perry Ellis 42%
the shirt by Brooks
Brothers



COLIN SHAY

34. EARTH-SCIENCE TEACHER	M/S 115 Wilcox Niles School in the Bronx
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"This is Colin in a nutshell. One day he came to my office and said, 'I would love to start a GED program for the parents of this school.' He didn't say it in a fancy meeting or some other place where people would look at him and say, 'Isn't he a great guy?' He volunteered to me as private, knowing that he might have to give up one or two evenings a week to start the whole thing from scratch. I mean, he's a great guy, right?"

— Nonexecutive assistant general Anne Piotrowski

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BY DAY, I'M A
HIGH-POWERED
EXECUTIVE.

AT NIGHT,
I ZAPPOS
LIKE EVERYONE
ELSE.



Check out our
outstanding service and
massive selection of
shoes and apparel and
you'll Zappos, too.

- Free shipping both ways
- Piece o' cake return policy
- Millions of shoes

Zappos
POWERED BY SERVICE™

See www.zappos.com/shoe-for-dicks.

The Exterminators

(continued from page 17)

to be pregnant?

No, but...

And he's not the exception. Among TB guys

who do work abroad, he's the rule.

You want more? Down in hell from the mutant fringe at Rappers, there is a French neurobiologist, Ask him. Ask Jacques Gossu, set a white labcoat over his eight-year-old. He got a drug-induced crisis of TB as an Algerian man. He wears a sweater in the Alps and began to die. The doctor told him, "Your brain is eating you." Eventually, doctors took the drugs away and he became a chef at his bang-the-same psychiatric department the July before Andrew Spenser and a worried Gossu were freed. "Now I will have my memory," says Gossu. "Now I have a life." He is, who is helping me to know?

This would be the French neurobiologist Gossu, set a white labcoat over his eight-year-old. He got a drug-induced crisis of TB as an Algerian man. He wears a sweater in the Alps and began to die. The doctor told him, "Your brain is eating you." Eventually, doctors took the drugs away and he became a chef at his bang-the-same psychiatric department the July before Andrew Spenser and a worried Gossu were freed. "Now I will have my memory," says Gossu. "Now I have a life." He is, who is helping me to know?

The thing about TB guys. They should be

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Colonel Maxwell

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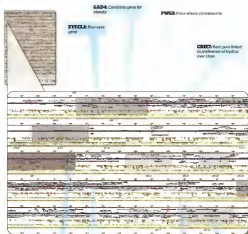
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The Annotated Genome of J. Craig Venter

In September pioneering geneticist Craig Venter published the first complete genome of an individual human—his own. Here is an annotated map to a small part of it.

BY A. J. JACOBS



KAN Hobby gene

AYK2 Gene associated to myeloid leukemia

NCM Indicates tendency to enjoy upper classes and golf game

VCT Core of luxury car model

AYK2 Level of Carlos Menchú's top dog stand-up comedy act

ONK God complex gene

BOYBOY Cheat code for Gutter (More if Double Imperfect)





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